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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO.

RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT

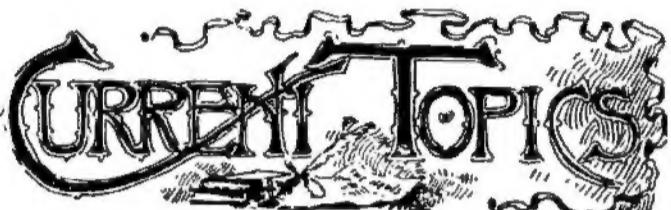
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27th SEPTEMBER, 1890.



The eagerness with which United States papers that claim to be respectable and whose comments on other subjects show them to be intelligent repeat the outrageous falsehoods of the most contemptible of Canadian sheets is surprising. A Quebec paper, of no influence whatever as an organ of opinion, came out some time ago with an article, in which England was said to be as ready to give up Canada as she was to give up Heligoland. In the same article we are told that the annexation sentiment is making great headway in Canada, and that it is sure to come before long. We may be certain that if ever a movement in favour of annexation begins in Canada, the evidence of its existence will not have to be sought in the columns of the Quebec *Telegraph*. As for the hirelings who, for value received or promised, manufacture annexation sentiment according to the demand, their cock-and-bull stories only amuse Canadian readers. Our contemporaries across the line may be assured that a great national movement of the kind in question cannot be set afoot by an obscure clique or by the paid agents of a hostile or traitorous press. As for the McKinley tariff, Canadians would be so small-spirited that Great Britain might well wish to let them go their ways if such a *brutum fulmen* frightened them into surrender. Because a certain proportion of our population may be temporarily inconvenienced by the working of a spiteful measure, does Canada lack manhood enough to bear with the disappointment and capacity and energy enough to turn it to ultimate advantage? It was not so in the days when our dependence on reciprocity was made hopeless through a like unfriendly policy. On the contrary, the withdrawal of the prop was the first real test of the strength of the British provinces, and before five years the Dominion of Canada was an accomplished fact. The cessation of the treaty was a blessing in disguise, and the day may come when the McKinley tariff will be recalled as the starting-point of a new era of our commercial expansion and national prosperity.

The lunatic colony of Gheel, in Belgium, has been so often described that its name and character are doubtless familiar to most of our readers. Now, however, that the treatment of the insane has been the subject of so much discussion in this province, it may not be out of place to indicate its main features. We may say in the first place that Gheel is a town in the Province of Antwerp, containing, apart from the insane, about 5,000 inhabitants. As the system in vogue does not admit of crowding, a number of small hamlets are attached to the town, and in these, as well as in Gheel, the patients are lodged and cared for. The entire community, forming the "City of the Simple," as it has been called, is, therefore, not less than 12,000. From time immemorial the place has afforded refuge to the weak-minded, and a pious tradition of a certain Saint Dymphna traces the origin of the usage back to the sixth century. There is documentary evidence that Gheel was an asylum more than two centuries ago. In 1856 the institution, which had previous-

ly been in charge of the commune, was placed under control of the government, and in 1882 a system of regular inspection was initiated. The patients are, as to social status, of two classes, those who pay and those who cannot pay. The former can have all the comforts of ordinary rustication—and can amuse themselves according to their tastes with music, sketching, reading, being made to feel the surveillance as little as possible. The curable patients are completely separated from the hopeless and under separate physicians. There is also an infirmary for those who require special attention. The great advantage of Gheel to the insane lies, however, in the fact that the householders who are permitted to board them have, in the course of successive generations, become born experts in their vocation and understand the insane much better than ordinary people understand their neighbours. Lunatics have been familiar to them from their childhood, as they were familiar to their fathers and grandfathers, and what puzzles or alarms outsiders is no mystery to them. But apart from that peculiar merit, the boarding-out plan has itself a great deal in its favour, and experiments made elsewhere tend to show that it may, with judicious oversight, be successfully substituted for the barrack system. Several of the new rural asylums of England are laid out in pavilions instead of consisting of one great building. It admits of thorough classification, for one thing; the danger from fire is reduced to a minimum; the physician and attendants are always within call, when needed, and the more home-like appearance of the houses has a salutary effect on the diseased mind, which is repelled by a vast structure of prison-like aspect. The plan has also been tried to some extent in the States and in Ontario.

Russia has been coming to the front of late in the matter of scientific and other congresses. We learn now that an international exhibition of typography is being organized at St. Petersburg. It is to be on a comprehensive scale, the exhibits being designed to illustrate the development of the art in every country from the first introduction of the printing-press to the latest improvements effected by machinery. A few years ago a monument was erected at Moscow to Ivan Feodoroff, who was the earliest of Russian printers. It was not till 1553 that the first press was set up in the ancient capital of the Czars—1564 being the date of the first book printed in the Empire. It seems almost incredible that, even at that late date, nearly a century after printing had been established in England, the jealousy of the copyists was so intense that Feodoroff and his companions were forced to leave the country. Some of the ruder of the clergy sided with the malcontents on the ground that it was a degradation to the sacred books to be multiplied artificially—an objection still made by the Arabs to the reproduction of the Koran. It was not till 1581 that the first Slavonic Bible was printed. Up to the year 1600 sixteen books had been issued at Moscow. Until the close of the 17th century Russia's literature was mainly confined to old chronicles, martyrologies, and fragmentary works on history. The Russian renaissance (if such a term be applicable to a country so clearly out of the range of ancient culture), which began in the first half of the 18th century, was largely due to France, whose masterpieces formed the models of the northern poets and prose-writers. The present century has been distinguished by men like Pushkin, Lermontoff, Gogol, Turgenieff, Solovieff, Belinski, and other writers—poets, historians, novelists and critics—while in science Russia has made remarkable progress. The approaching congress will, doubtless, shed needed and welcome light on the whole range of Slavonic literature and philology.

Though it is of French duels that we hear most frequently, it seems that the sanguinary code flourishes in Italy even more than in France. One of those analytic statements in which certain students of sociology delight has brought out very clearly the extent to which duelling prevails and

the circumstances under which duels are fought in the realm of King Humbert. During the last ten years the total number of these encounters was 2,759. Of these 2,489 were fought with sabres—that is, about 90 per cent. of the whole. Three per cent. of the combatants chose swords as their weapons. The engagements in which pistols were used numbered 680, or about 6 per cent. While, as a rule, the gentlemen who thus sought or gave satisfaction suffered little injury or inconvenience, we find that in fifty cases the results were fatal to one of the antagonists. The number of wounds received is computed at 3,601, but in general they were of a slight nature, and, with the exceptions mentioned, none of them caused the death of the victims. An interesting result of Signor Gelli's inquiries is the record of provoking causes. In 8 per cent. of the cases, private or family discussions were responsible for about 7 per cent. Newspaper controversies carried the day, however—about 36 per cent. of the entire enumerations being attributed to that cause. About 27 per cent. are set down to various causes, including disagreements consequent on religious discussions, gambling disputes, and altercations about ladies. As might be expected from what has already been said and from what we read of other countries, journalists are next to military men the most notorious duellists. Out of a hundred it is calculated that 30 will be soldiers and 29 newspaper men. The complete disappearance of duelling from the United Kingdom is one of the most noteworthy, social and moral phenomena of our time. The day is gone forever when ministers of the Crown and judges of the higher courts deemed it necessary, for the defence of their honour, to make targets of their bodies. On the continent also the usage is, doubtless, doomed, though it dies rather slowly.

Among the telegraphic news that appeared in last week's morning papers, we were somewhat startled to find a special despatch devoted to certain extraordinary developments of the oceanic system of the planet Mars. The observer was no less illustrious an astronomer than M. Camille Flammarion, and the phenomena to which he calls attention have not now been noticed for the first time. In one of his most remarkable works, *Les Terres du Ciel*, a double-page coloured map, shows the distribution of the planet's land and water, while a series of views illustrates the aspects of its surface at different periods of observation. These variations in its appearance used to be attributed to the dense clouds that float sometimes over one region, sometimes over another. Some of the changes noted cannot, however, be accounted for in that way. It looks as though immense ridges of sand had been forced up in the midst of some of the Martian oceans, dividing them into two parts. One of them, however, which has been compared to the Black Sea, presented a uniform aspect until June last, when Signor Schiaparelli discovered what looked like a yellow band dividing it unequally. Similar phenomena have been observed in other parts of Mars by other astronomers. The geography of the planet is very different from that of the earth, there being rather more land than water, while the latter is so distributed as to form a number of Mediterranean or great inland seas. Some of these bodies of water (which have been named after famous astronomers—the two largest being known as the Seas of Beer, of Maedler, of Huggins, etc.—the continents being similarly distinguished by the names of Copernicus, Herschel, Galileo, etc.,) are connected by long straits or channels. An English astronomer has observed, in some of these latter, phenomena similar to those to which M. Schiaparelli has called attention as existing in the Lockyer Sea. By and by, perhaps, we shall know more about what is going on in Mars. M. Flammarion, who is indisposed to limit animated nature to this earth of ours, thinks that Mars may be peopled by a race of beings taller than men and furnished with wings. The late Prof. Proctor, on the other hand, maintained that, though Mars is the planet

that most nearly resembles the earth, all forms of terrestrial life would quickly perish on its surface. If we accept this view, we have, at least, no reason to fear that the phenomena that are now puzzling astronomers will prove disastrous to sentient and reasoning beings like ourselves.

Civilization may well be indignant at the perverse policy that the Germans are pursuing in East Africa. It may be recalled that the first result of the Anglo-German Agreement, as it affected England, was the proclamation by the Sultan of Zanzibar of an edict prohibiting the slave traffic within his dominions. It was issued on the 1st of August, and, of course, was an unwelcome surprise to all those who were directly or indirectly concerned in the slave trade, whether Arab or European. The friends of Africa, on the other hand, were delighted at the prospect which the new dispensation opened out for the cause of emancipation. They hoped that the generous policy of the Sultan would serve as an example for minor Arab rulers in the interior. The last thing that they apprehended was that a European power, which had taken a prominent part in the Anti-Slavery Conference, and had assented to its decisions, should be the first to go directly counter to the Sultan's humane reform, thus actually supplying the slave-traders with the sanction which the Sultan denied them. The immediate consequences of the Bagamoyo decree were such as to confirm the worst fears of those who protested against it. The slave-dealers, expelled from Zanzibar, found there every opportunity of continuing their nefarious traffic in security, and it was reported from the coast that a thriving business in slave-dealing was already carried on. For a time some contradiction or countermand was expected from the Berlin Government, but the expectation was not fulfilled. On the contrary, it was announced in the official press that the Zanzibar edict had no authority in German territory and that it was not the Government's purpose to abolish the slave-trade save by gradual processes and with due regard to the existing order of things. It is thus made quite clear that Germany's African movement is purely speculative and commercial, and not in the interest of the natives. The condemnation of the Bagamoyo decree by the Liberal press shows, however, that all Germany does not approve of the company's selfish and inhuman action. The adverse agitation which the latter has aroused in Europe and on this continent may, notwithstanding, eventually bring Bagamoyo into line with Zanzibar.

The organization of the Massawippi Junction Railway is an event that is full of promise for a large and important section of this province. It is now several years since the enterprise was first conceived, and although, from various causes, effect was not given to the idea till a couple of weeks ago, it was never entirely lost sight of by the public-spirited men who have it at heart and in hand. The meeting held at Coaticook on the 17th inst., mainly under the direction of Judge S. W. Foster, was attended by some of the most influential residents in the district and was a gratifying success. The initial steps were taken with an enthusiasm that leaves no doubt of ultimate triumph. Not the least interesting part of the proceedings was the record presented by Judge Foster of the early railroad movement in that part of the province. He recalled the gathering that took place in Magog in the winter of 1843-44 to agitate for the trunk line then projected through the Townships, *viz.* Magog and Stanstead Plains, to the international boundary line. The line was carried by Sherbrooke and Coaticook mainly through the influence of Sir Alexander Galt. In 1851 the project was again taken up, and the late Hon. H. B. Terrill succeeded in securing part of what they aimed at, and their object now was to resume the unfinished work and to give the line the destination originally intended by the charter. Judge Foster trusted that before the close of another season they would have the proud satisfaction of connecting Montreal with the Atlantic

seaboard over the line of the Massawippi Junction Railway. The scheme was one that merited the active support of the Eastern Townships, the representatives of which in the Commons and in the Local Assembly had their hearts in it, and he knew they could rely on the influential aid of the Hon. Mr. Colby. In his retrospect Judge Foster mentioned the names of those who were interested as petitioners, incorporators and directors in the original project, and said that of all who took part in the proceedings nearly half a century ago only seven survived, of the speakers Judge Doherty alone being left in the land of the living. Both his retrospect and his forecast were listened to with deep attention.

PERSONAL AND ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.

Some of our daily contemporaries have been discussing the comparative merits of personal and anonymous journalism. The subject has frequently been dealt with, and each side of it has had its able advocates. It cannot be denied that the personal element has its value in certain circumstances. A great name signed to an article or a criticism will enhance its worth in the eyes of the public, altogether apart from its intrinsic importance. The late Allen Thorndike Rice, gave a fresh impulse to the popularity of the *North American Review* by a judicious use of distinguished names. He sought the co-operation of celebrities of every type, statesmen, soldiers, diplomats, millionaires. He opened his columns to persons of every race and creed, profession and business. Some of these contributors, thus pressed into his service, were famous writers; some of them were novices in the use of the pen. Generally they were asked to write on topics in which they were experts or in which they were intimately concerned. If the theme was fast sailing, he secured a consensus of steamship captains. If the Chinese Exclusion Bill was under consideration, an educated Mongolian was appealed to. If some point in military tactics required elucidation, Lord Wolseley or General Sherman was asked to throw light on it. If the wrongs of Japan at the hands of the treaty powers were to be exposed, who could discharge the task with more knowledge than a subject of the Mikado? If the tariff problem was to be solved, the views of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Blaine were brought into requisition. Sometimes a single noteworthy writer was deemed sufficient to clear up the matter in controversy, at others the plan of the dialogue or symposium was adopted. But the great desideratum was to make use of famous names. Published on their merits, some of these articles might or might not be read with profit. Their authorship was sure to attract attention to them. We have mentioned Mr. Rice, not because he was the only publisher who in this way availed himself of the popular *penchant*, but because he was the first who reduced it to a system. To some extent the usage has prevailed since printing began—the dedication in older generations giving to an ordinary essay or poem the prestige of a great name. So in our own country we see it announced that some of our former governors or other persons of rank will lend their sanction or their assistance to some new literary undertaking. These courteous noblemen, who may not be without literary ability, know perfectly well why their names are sought, and if the petitioner is not actually disreputable they are not likely to refuse the favour. Even if (as sometimes happens) the name is really all that the celebrity has time to give—the rest being the work of skilful secretaries—the public is just as wise and is none the less pleased. If we believe all we hear, indeed, it is not the public alone that is thus led astray by appearances. The influence of names—of the personal element—rules in many an editor's sanctum.

Even in professedly anonymous journalism there is generally an individuality associated with all authoritative utterances. Some person must be responsible for the statements and comments of a newspaper. The business of the world cannot be conducted anonymously. What some of our con-

temporaries have been discussing is whether the public have the right to know in every instance who is addressing them, and whether the article which they read with dissent or acquiescence was written in good faith or is simply a way of putting things—the writer being just as ready, on occasion, to present a different view. That is, or rather implies, an ethical question of undoubted significance—a question which was debated long before there was any press in existence, long before Christianity was preached. The consensus of the moralists of all ages is against such double dealing. The man who can be all things to all men in a sense that the Apostle certainly never contemplated, who would champion one cause to-day and another to-morrow, and betray them both the day after if it were made worth his while to do so, would have been condemned in Athens or Rome, in India or China, thousands of years ago, and if he is tolerated to-day he certainly is not approved. Nevertheless, there have always been free lances in letters and in diplomacy as well as in arms, and such persons there always will be so long as their service commands its price. The newspaper press is as free from men of this stamp as any other department of intellectual industry, and when a more than usually glaring instance of unscrupulousness occurs, the press itself, after its manner, is the first to give it publicity and to condemn it.

Some of our contemporaries maintain that the only way to purge the craft from this dishonesty is to adopt the plan of signed editorials. Readers will then, it is urged, associate a writer with his opinions, and the opinion of a paper with the individual writer. But to introduce such a change in the press of the English-speaking world would be impracticable, even if it were desirable. The most influential newspaper in the British Empire—in the world, perhaps—has for a hundred years been edited by men of whom the mass of readers knew nothing—men like Sterling, Barnes, Delane, Chereny, Buckle. When Mr. Chereny, who was a rare scholar as well as an able writer, died a few years ago, thousands to whom he had been speaking for years, heard his name for the first time. Many of the correspondents, dead and living, of the *Times* and the other great London dailies—Russell, Sala, Henty, Beatty-Kingston, McGahan, Williams, Forbes—won world-wide reputations, but the writers of even the most brilliant articles are unknown beyond a narrow circle to this day. The system admits, it is true, of signed contributions as well, but we doubt if the power of a great journal—the *Thunderer* or any of its compeers in metropolis or province—would be as great as it is if the continental method were in vogue and more prominence given to the individual. In the course of time a newspaper acquires an individuality of its own, on the nature of which its influence depends and which attaches to its utterances an authority almost wholly unaffected by changes of personnel. It becomes in an almost literal sense an organ of public opinion, and we read its comments on questions of the day, using our judgment as to their pertinence and sufficiency, undistracted by any thought of their source.

"False Witness."

Comes a demon in the darkness
Cries, why struggle, fight and fail—
When to dust thy dust is driven
What will struggle then avail?
Man was very meanly given
Three score years beset with pain,
Wherfore fill them then with searching
For a truth that is but vain.
Take the hour, and turn its measure
To your use, nor think of those
Who may follow; yours the moment,
What to you men's after woes?

Comes an angel in the morning,
Bids me still be true and strong,
Whispers to me, pain and passion
Passes, it is not for long
That we suffer here in silence;
That each hardly conquered fight,
Is a step upon that pathway
Leading us to lasting light.

Montreal,

MAY AUSTIN.



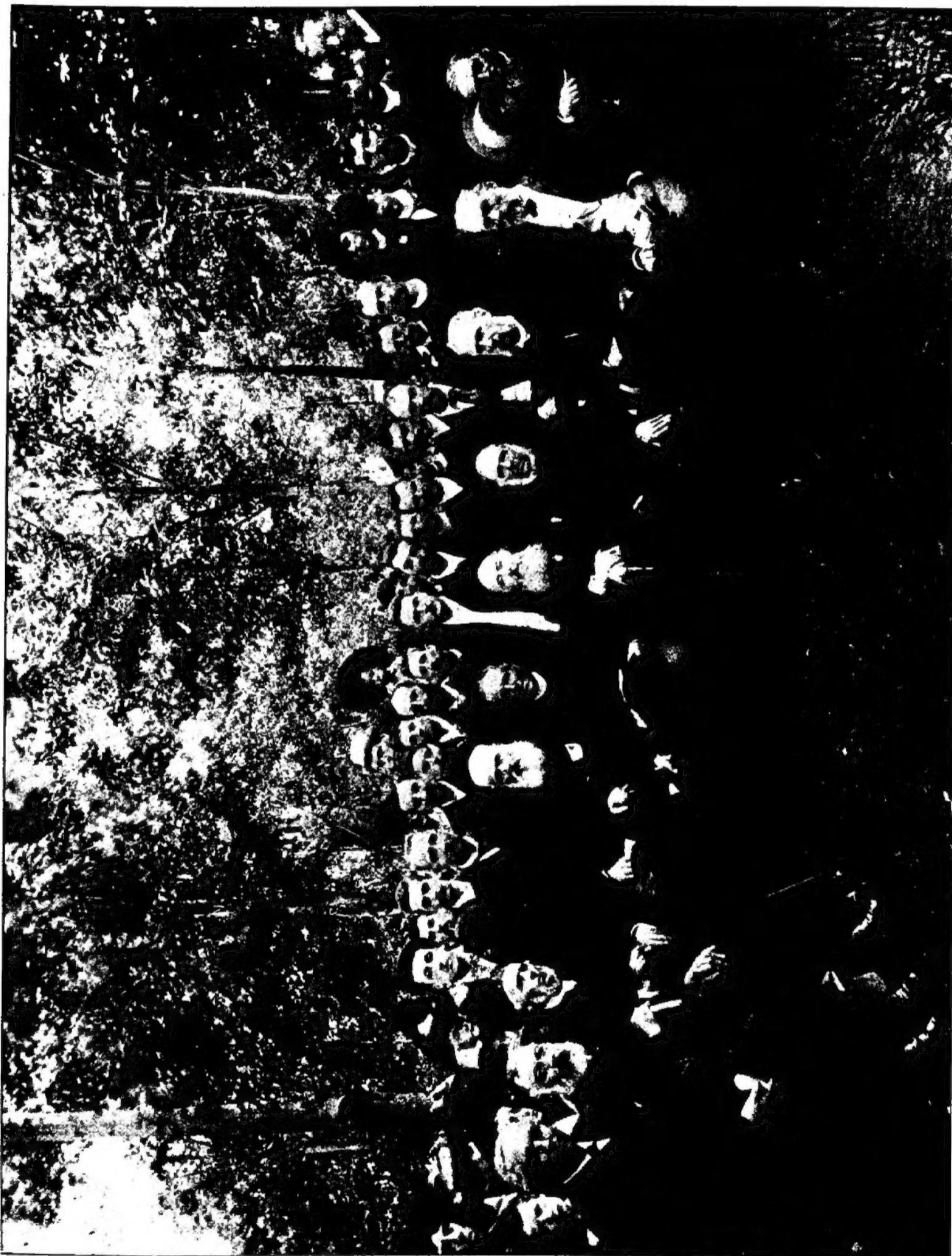
THE FOUNTAIN IN MAIN BUILDING, TORONTO EXHIBITION. (Drawn by our Special Artist.)



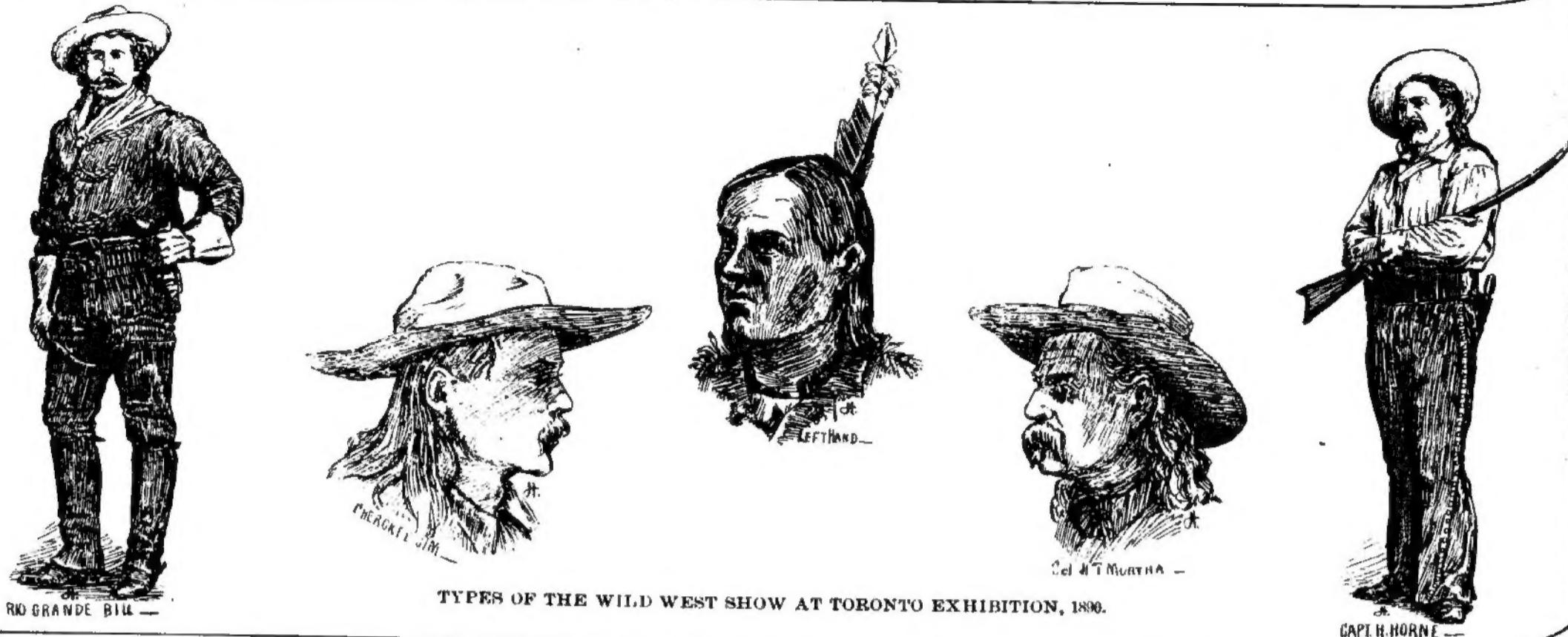
MISS SARA JEANETTE DUNCAN.



SEÑOR BALDASONO Y. TOPETE, Quebec, Consul-General of Spain.



LEADERS OF FRENCH PROTESTANTISM IN CANADA. Anniversary Meeting, St. Helen's Island, 20th June, 1890.



TYPES OF THE WILD WEST SHOW AT TORONTO EXHIBITION, 1890.

OUR ENGRAVINGS

SKETCHES AT THE TORONTO EXHIBITION.—These characteristic views give a fair idea of the grounds (which have already been illustrated and described in this journal) and of the more salient features of an annual Fair, which grows more and more attractive from year to year.

BRITISH COLUMBIA SCENERY.—Some of our readers will, we are sure, thank us for returning to our first love and giving them a fresh glimpse of the manifold charms of our great Western province. It makes us proud when we look at such scenery and think: "This is my own, my native land."

ARTILLERY COMPETITION IN QUEBEC.—This engraving shows one of those military scenes which, during the last couple of months, have proved so attractive to our valiant defenders and their civilian friends. Quebec is such a grand old fortress and has so many proud martial memories that military movements or evolutions in or near it have an additional and peculiar prestige.

SPORTING SCENES ON THE JACQUES CARTIER.—In this engraving we present our readers with some typical sporting scenes of older Canada. As its name implies, the Jacques Cartier river is associated with the visit of the illustrious explorer who, more than three centuries and a half ago, made the St. Lawrence valley a land of promise to the kings and people of La Belle France, who named our mountain Mont Royal, and spent a winter within hail of the ancient capital. It takes its rise in a cluster of lakes situated about fifty miles back from the St. Lawrence, and after a sinuous course through diversified and picturesque scenery, enters that majestic river about thirty miles from Quebec. Besides being the home of myriads of the finny tribes—including excellent salmon, which entice the angler to its banks—and watering a region of rare natural grandeur and full of attractions for the sportsman, the Jacques Cartier is a power in the world of industry, and many a mill is turned by its tumultuous waters. The river has also played a part in our military history, having been long regarded as one of the natural defences of Quebec and its environs. The views were taken by Mr. Joseph E. Vincent, amateur photographer, vice-president of the Jacques Cartier Fish and Game Club, while on a fishing trip with a party of friends up the Jacques Cartier River.

MISS SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN, AUTHOR OF "A SOCIAL DEPARTURE," ETC.—In this issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED we have much satisfaction in being able to favour our readers with a fine likeness of Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan, one of the ablest and most successful of Canadian writers. Though still in the dawn of womanhood, Miss Duncan, by good use of rare endowments, has won a reputation, which many an older *littérateur* may envy. Before undertaking with another young lady the tour round the world, which she has so charmingly described in the handsome volume published in London and New York, she had made her mark as a contributor, in prose and verse, to a number of journals and periodicals both in the United States and Canada. She not only wields the pen of the ready writer, but has a trenchant and vigorous style, a quick and true insight into character, in painting which, as well as in descriptive and narrative writing, she is surpassed by few. Those who deny woman humour must go to Miss Duncan's pages to be cured of their heresy. She is a daughter of Ontario, and the Dominion may well be proud of her, as it is. A distinguished career, we are sure, awaits her, if she is only true to herself.

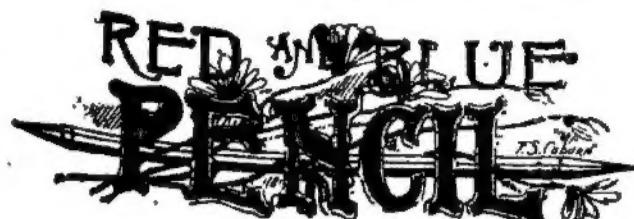
LEADERS OF FRENCH CANADIAN PROTESTANTISM.—The interesting group in this engraving was taken on the 20th

of June last in a quiet spot on St. Helen's Island, opposite Montreal, where on that date there was held a gathering ever memorable in the annals of French Protestantism in Canada. Not less than six hundred delegates and friends of French Missions in this country had assembled to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the missionary work on the north shore of the St. Lawrence on the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. D. Amaron, both of whom are still living. The French Protestants and Huguenots in Canada at that time might have been counted on both hands. Since then the work has progressed so remarkably that to-day the French Protestant population is not less than 40,000, served by hundreds of missionaries and ministers, with schools and well organized congregations. The group comprises a fair representation of clergymen and leading laymen. In the centre front row may be seen the Rev. Charles Chiniquy, to his right Mr. D. Amaron, then the Rev. Mr. Vernon, Mr. J. Provost, Rev. Theo. Lafleur, M. Cruchet, M. Dorion; then to Father Chiniquy's left the venerable co-worker with M. Amaron for some forty years, the Rev. Joseph Vessot, then the Rev. R. P. Duclos, M. L. E. Rivard, publisher, and Mr. Sadler. In the second row may be recognized the Rev. C. E. Amaron, J. L. Morin, A. B. Cruchet, Jos. Allard, Principal Bourgois, S. Rondeau, B.A., Jos. Loiselle, M. Guérette, S. Vessot, M. Aganier, while the third row presents us Rev. M. De Gruchy, M. St. Aubin, M. Bousquet, S. P. Rondeau, S. Vessot, and a number of others.

CANADIAN HORSES AT DETROIT FAIR.—In this issue we present to our readers a few sketches of the horses successful in gaining premium honours at the Detroit fair, held during this month: No. 1, Strathspey, a thoroughbred stallion, was awarded the first premium, and was the winner of the first prize and silver medal at Toronto Industrial Exhibition of 1889. Strathspey has won 38 races, and \$23,585. No. 2, Wild Thorn, won first prize in saddle class. No. 3, Bird's Eye, was the winner of two first premiums as saddle cob and park hack, respectively. No. 4 (tandem), Snowflake and Tantivy were awarded first premium for carriage pair under 15.3, and first premium in tandem. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 are the property of Wm. Hendrie, of Hamilton. No. 5, Polly Craig (Imp.), Clyde mare, winner in a large class of first premium for heavy draught mare 4 years old and over. Very few better mares of Polly Craig's breed and stamp ever crossed the ocean, and she is a credit to her present owners and importers, E. W. and G. Charlton, of Duncraig, Ont. She was bred in Lanarkshire, Scotland, and imported in 1886, and has been a frequent prize-winner wherever shown. Her immense size (2,000 lbs.), good colour, large bone, with good quality, were a source of wonder to the Michigan farmers. No. 6, Princess Beatrice, is a Canadian-bred shire mare, the winner of many first prizes at all the most prominent shows in Canada, and successful in carrying off the silver medal at Toronto Industrial Fair, 1889, for general excellence. She was bred and is owned by Messrs. Hendrie & Co., of Hamilton. In cattle, Canadians were well to the fore, carrying off the largest share of the prizes; in sheep, they swept the board. The fruit and roots on view were not up to standard, but those sent from the Dominion usually gained the honours. As is the case with most of the Canadian shows also, the stock, agricultural and dairying features were placed too much in the background, and their places filled by side-shows, "fakes" of all descriptions, snap shooting contests, etc., which may possibly attract and amuse a certain class, but cannot be of any real benefit to the farmer and his wife. In this age of scientific farming and dairying our farmers should be wide-awake to all chances which tend to increase their knowledge. That we are still a long way in front of our neighbours as farmers and breeders of stock (except blooded), the active demand at all times for our heavy horses, high-actioned carriage pairs and hunters clearly show; and the various fairs held throughout the country are of lasting benefit in other

respects, and to a certain degree have helped to this end. To be a successful breeder of stock of any kind, one must breed from the best strains, and our shows are the place to get the required information on that point.

L'ILLUSTRISIMO SENOR DON ARTURO BALDASANO Y TOPETE, CONSUL-GENERAL OF SPAIN IN CANADA.—We have the pleasure of presenting our readers in this issue with the portrait of the Consul-General of Spain in Canada, l'Ilustrisimo Senor Don Arturo Baldasano y Topete, a gentleman distinguished as well by birth as by rare talents. In the various countries in which he has represented his sovereign has recognized by conferring upon him the orders of Charles III., of Isabella the Catholic, of Naval Merit etc., while he has also been decorated by several foreign governments. Of those who have filled in Canada the important position which he holds, not one has shown more energy and judgment in endeavouring to cement the commercial relations between the two countries; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that his efforts have not been fruitless. Some months ago he sent Don Ovidio Fréchette, Vice-Consul of Spain for this province, on a mission to the Spanish Chambers of Commerce, and that gentleman had an opportunity of setting forth the advantages that would arise from closer intercourse between Canada and the Spanish monarchy. It is noteworthy, as marking the results of M. Fréchette's mission, that just now for the first time the products of a foreign nation figure in a Canadian provincial exhibition. Though the prevalence of the cholera unfortunately prevented the arrival in time of a number of exhibits that would otherwise have been on the ground, the Spanish section in the Toronto Exhibition has been much and deservedly admired. In a recent issue the *Globe* had the following remarks on the subject:—"A new feature this year is an exhibition of Spanish products, sent direct from Spain to Toronto, in bond, especially for this exhibition. It consists of wines, brandies, chocolate, Guava jelly, olives, cigars,—all of the first quality. These goods are supplied by leading houses in Spain, and of the same quality as furnished by them to Spanish, Italian and Austrian royal families. The exhibit would have been much larger, but owing to the outbreak of cholera a large consignment was delayed in quarantine and could not reach here in time. The new Spanish Consul-General, Senor Baldasano y Topete, is fully alive to the importance of the Canadian trade, and is showing great energy in promoting it." Senor Baldasano y Topete served for more than eighteen years at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Madrid, and in Cuba as Secretary to the Governor-General. He has also been Consul at Singapore and at New Orleans—both posts of high importance. At the former he distinguished himself by the energy and tact which he brought to bear on the settlement of two most difficult international questions, while in the latter he was instrumental in putting a stop to the Cuban filibustering movement. Though still in the prime of life, the new Consul-General has had a large experience of men and affairs, and has made a tour of the world. In 1875 Don Baldasano y Topete married the Marquise Maria de la Cruz Lopez Martinez y Benitez, a lady not only of exalted birth, but of distinguished gifts and accomplishments and of rare charms of person. The Government of Madrid and Montreal are both to be congratulated on the removal of the Consulate-General, where his efforts for the benefit both of Spain and Canada are sure to meet with appreciation and support. What is to be feared, however, is lest the known ability and experience of our new Consul General may ere long cause his transference to a larger sphere of usefulness. Just as we go to press, we learn that the illustrious Senor has set out for British Columbia in company with Don Ovidio Fréchette, Vice-Consul, in order to establish direct communication with Manila, and thus enable importers to avoid the *détour* by San Francisco in bringing hither the products of that colony.



CHERRYFIELD, Sept. 1890.

DEAR EDITOR DOMINION ILLUSTRATED,—I am pleased to find you abounding in literary and artistic labours. Sherbrooke will henceforth be to many no visionary place; but will have a "local habitation and a name." The scenery surrounding that fair city is of a peculiar loveliness. Even the singer has woven it a worthy wreath; for I fancy the sweet stanza on the Magog got a whiff of life-breath perhaps from the bosom of the foamy stream they celebrate. Even a far-famed poet did not pass this region coldly by. Was it not of this "kentry" that Whittier sang as follows in "Snowbound":

Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and sump
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. Francois' hemlock-trees;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl.

Whittier, as well as Longfellow, likes sometimes to touch on East Canadian localities,—"the shores of the Basin of Minas,"—the "frozen Brador,"—the Bay Chaleurs, and

" Meccatina,
With its mountains bare and brown."

I am pleased with these double numbers. It is like having your baker deliver two loaves of bread when you have only ordered and paid for one. If you proceed so you must succeed with subscribers who can be moved by generosity to an exercise of the same precious virtue.

Fraternally,

PASTOR FELIX.

UNCLE DORING AND BROTHER COBB.

Old Uncle Doring sat by my fireside last evening after beating out the music of his heart on his lapstone all day, being at seventy-four personified Industry and Piety as well. Our Cobbler K-ezar never, in close shop, or on "open hillside," would have spent his breath—

" Singing, as he drew his stitches,
Songs his German master taught,—

if he ever had any; but in crooning the psalmody with which his youth was familiar, and in ejaculating words apparently addressed to some invisible listener. How so much sweet cheerfulness ever got woven into his heart's tissue, amid the distracting crow-fingers of fate, tearing our hopes to pieces—and his in the sad particular—only the Master who presides at the loom of Destiny can determine. He was that melancholy thing, a sole survivor, but for some invisible Presence that always bade him to feel he had one relation left, and that he did not live quite alone in his cabin under the shelter of Luce's grove. His lamp was plainly lit: the lantern he left burning low in my entry, never more unfailingly trimmed. The Grecian Graces had quietly ignored him, and slipped away from his cradle; while Nature in her most prosaic mood had dealt him out his elements, and plastered up form and feature without a remote suspicion of beauty. His form—in frugal gray homespun, patched here and there—was crouched and crushed, as if some lubber antagonist, while yet his bones were soft, had pounced on him and held him down; while his great, square head, with its fringe of iron gray hair, and his seamy irregular, wrinkled visage had reached too advanced a stage in their development for art or liberal culture ever to elaborate them. But, like a gnarled rugged tree, with a leaf here and there, and the sunlight upon it, Uncle Doring's person was far from unlovely or unwhole-some. His eyes were the jewels of his homely face—blue, liquid, calm, and always lighted—fountains of consolation, wells from which you drew living water.

While Uncle Doring was telling me a late experience of his in the shop—which was often his Peniel—the tall figure of Brother Cobb appeared in the doorway. The austerity and gloom of his face relaxed as much as it could in the light of Uncle Doring's countenance, and took on an unusual expression of shrewd good-nature. Seated beside his mellow neighbour, the lankiness of his figure, and the exceeding leanness of it became the more perceptible; and had you seen him in the discharge of some of his religious duties, you might have supposed the scanty flesh and abundant bone, emblematic of the leanness of his spirit and the bulkiness of his material possessions. The truth is that his religious smithy was annually lit up in the month of September, and then the sparks flew under his spasmodic blows; but he was now so remote from the fervours of "camp-meet'n," that his spiritual forge, unblown upon by a seven days' wind of the Spirit, no longer glowed and quivered with the unwonted heat. He was, by his own account, no longer "on the mounting top," but "low down by the cold streams o' Bab'l'on," and the willow on which his harp was hung drooped their branches in the water. It was with a face indescribably painful that he "riz up in

class," with shoulders stooped and hands grasping the back of the pew in front, to administer in due form his rebuke to those who provided so smouldering a religious fire for him to warm himself withal, to chide his "brethering," who were so "lackin' of the sperrit," or who were, what certainly Bro. Cobb rarely was, "unpunct'wal in attendance on the means o' grace." But, suppose his spiritual forge did lie idle, save when he pounded "the brethering," it happened that after the annual September blast was over, on the "sounding anvil" of this world his personal affairs were shaped with most exemplary diligence.

"How do the meetings go?" I suggested, as a profitable turn to the conversation.

"Porely. Fac' tis, we've a dry time now. 'Tis n't now as I've seen it," and he gave a sigh, which was ever the same sigh after the earlier time, which in his estimation was better than the present.

"Pears t' me we dont hev th' same sort o' ligion we use' to when I was a lad. We aint ingaged as we waz years ago. Folks dont half preach, or pray, or sing, as though they meant it; an' these b'ys we hev now-a-days aint fit to hold a lighted candle to some ole-fash'n'd preachers fifty years ago. Wy, on'y forty year ago I wuz to a camp-meet'n' at Bear Hill, an' I won't fergit it in a hurry. Twas w'en ole Elder Peters wuz on th' deestrick, an' he gut holt on God in pra'r one evenin' leadin' at the altar. Sech prayin' I never heerd, afore or sense. He k'menced low down, but he kep' goin' up—up—up—from the leastest whisper, tell it seemed as if he clinched the Almighty's arm; a spray flew from his lips all over us in the altar, an' his v'yce was rollin' like thunder. Gret groans begun to come from all parts of the kangregation; an' then suthin' struck! It seemed to go through us like 'lecktricity; I didn't know but th' hull shed was a-comin' daoun onto us, the stand was shuck so. I tell ye, power wuz there! Gre't gushes o' feelin' went all over us, an' many a onbeliever wisht he was n't there in his sins. Ther' wuz that gre't York Tyrell, with a karkiss like an elephant, an' lungs o' leather,—al'ays leadin' a crew on the encampmint,—the woods fairly rung with his yell o' k'nviction, as he cried out in th' aginy of his soul; but on'y for a minnit—fer the light broke in, an' O, what shoutin'! People wuz a-shriekin' an' a-shoutin' all around, an' some on em' fell helpliss an' stiff as logs. Lots 'v' m lay ther' much ez an hour, an' then jumped up, shoutin' 'Glory! Glory!' Sich hallelujahs! I lost my strength that time. My gracious! they don't do th' like o' th'et now. Wy, a young feller, quite peart like, who'd heerd uv ol' times, an' thought he'd ought t' immortate the fathers, shouted so in his pra'r last camp-meet'in' that he strained his throat an' couldn't speak much fer three days afterwards. Laws! Father Peters never strained his throat. He was fresh an' calm w'en he finished; but more awful prayin' I never heerd. An' then the solum prechin'! I hev heerd sarmens ther', w'en it seemed ez ef the jedgment day hed come. It went clost to folks' consheness. Elder Powder p'nted his finger at a triflin' feller leanin' against an ellum out on th' aige an' makin' sum gals laft, an' he said slow in a tone to make enybody trimble,—'Young man, remember in Hell there's no laffin'!' An' w'en he begun to plead weth sinners, 'twas so affectin'; I stood up a minnit with my back ag'inst a yaller birch, an' see the tears runnin' in every direction. Ther' wasn't a dry eye ennywhere. O, we don't hev ennythin' like thet now. Seems 'zif 'ligion hed lost its power."

It might, on Brother Cobb, who warmed his spiritual loins at his neighbour's fire; but plainly it had not on Uncle Doring, who had kept his coal alive, which one day he took from off the Lord's altar. "I recollect," he said, with brightening smile, "the times you speak ov an' the mighty men ez made 'em, under God. Mebby ther' hez been some change; ther' allays is change in this world; an' the sons may be less powerful in their feelins' than the fathers. But I hev faith that things hev ginerally changed fer the better. But what do we complainin' ov our lots? We ought t' move along our ways like angels o' light, not dreamin' ov darkness. Who is to blame if ther's change fer the worse in our souls? Hez God turned in to live by hisself an' fergot His merciful purpos-es to men? They's been changes,—O yes, I've seen a many ov 'em, an' sor rowful ones, too. The fields and woods—the very hills, don't look jist the same's they did w'en I was a lad in my father's house; an' yet, they're jist as fresh an' sweet, an' jist as green. The sun doesn't swaller his beams enny more'n he did then. My apple-tree still drops its fruit clost to my door, and not a little flower turns its face away from me. Nor has my God forgotten to be gracious, but fills me jist ez full o' His glory ez ever He did on ol' Bear Hill fifty years ago. O what right hez a live Christian to 'plain continuaty o' drouth, an' dark, an' cold? What call has th' quator t' cry coz th' north pole is cold?"

"I know, Uncle Dorin', I aint in the good place you be, I'm a changeable critter in my feelins',—I am, an' al'ays wuz. Sometimes I's up an' sometimes I's down; but I do wish I could on'y hear Elder Peters pray once agin, I know I should be clean on the mounting top. An' sick singin' they used t' have them days! I vum it wuz enough t' lift the hair o' yer head. Ez fer ther singin' now-a-days,—all is, I know it don't move me like the old singin'. Sich flat, new-fangled, cricketty airs makes my very ears ache fer Mear and Chiny to cure 'em. O, if I could on'y hear Chiny ag'in, same's I heerd it at 'Minty Mullens' funeral—draw'd out so long and solum like! Now it's all k'rect an' proper, I know,—so's a dead man, in his s'roud, an' jist ez little life. Orgins an' pianners enuff t' make a sound on, but not w'at I calls music; no singin' like we

hed w'en Elder Mansfield* wuz amongst us an' Elder Varenton. Elder Mansfield wuz a power at singin'. He went to a woman's door that didn't want no ministers, and she tolle him through the winder that he couldnt come in. 'My dear madam,' he said, in sweetest winnin' tone, 'may I stan' on your step an' sing?' 'Sing, if you will; not that I wish to hear you,' she said, peart like. And sing he did, and that singin' was better'n a batterin' ram t' open that door; it come *open* as it by magic afore he wuz through the piece. Then ther's Elder Varenton—he's livin' yit.† O I jist remember at an annewal conf'rence, the Bishop wuz kin' o' tired, I guess, an' as't Brother Varenton to sing. It seemed sort o' queer, right in th' middle o' dry bizness, an' I guess he wuz some s'prised, for he riz up slow, an' he wuz natterally modest an' kind o' diffident an' know'd all eyes wuz on him. O, he looked splendid! fer he was just a noble-built man, stannin' head an' shoulders above most other folks! He all'ays had a large, kind, b'nevolent lookin' face; but then ther wuz a sort o' beautiful light on it, an' his eye wuz misty with feelin' afore he begun, fer the music was deep down in his soul, an' I guess he know'd w'at tune they wanted. But, w'en he struck in it seemed 'zif all Heaven might 'a' stopped t' hear that singin'. The secataries dropt their pens afore the secon' line,—an' they hardly ever stops for any one's elliarkence. Now, will ye b'lieve me, w'en h'd sung the fust varse there was silence like death—you might 'a' heerd a pin drop; w'en he wuz a singin' the secon', floods o' tears wuz runnin', an' choked sob*, an' 'O my God's!' came from some, and here an' there a groan or a 'Blessid Jesus!' But afore he'd gut t' th' end o' th' last one, that hull kangregation wuz in a puffic tempist; though out o' th' roar o' 'Amens' an' 'Hallelujahs,' an' 'Bless-the-Lords,' that clear, sweet, feelin' vice sailed on to th' very close. O, it wuz just wonderful! I niver wuz enny nigher Heaven an' niver expect to be!"

"Tell by God's marcy the gate opens an' ye go in," chimed in Uncle Doring, now quite in the spirit of it; "an' I with you, as I hope to afore long."

"Well," continued Brother Cobb, "w'en he'd gut through an' sot slowly down, I looked fer the bishop, an' seed him a weepin', with his head in his hans'; I hed somewhere about the middle noticed him rockin' back an' forrad, the tears runnin' in rivers daoun his face. Fer a long while sobs an' shouts continnied to come out o' all parts o' th' room, an' it wuz some time afore they could settle agin an' perceed to bizness. That's w'at I call singin'—with some soul in it, an' some salvashun, too! That's the kind o' singin' I expect they hev in Glory, where I'm afraid a good many o' these music-makin' folks we find now-a-days'll fin' a diffikilty t' jine in—Laws! it's all-a-most nine! Haow time does fly!"

Then Brother Cobb arose, and Uncle Doring with him. The good man took his lantern from the porch and turned up the light. Then turning to me from the door with a good-natured, meaning smile, he said his "good-night," and went out, leaving me to manifold reflections.

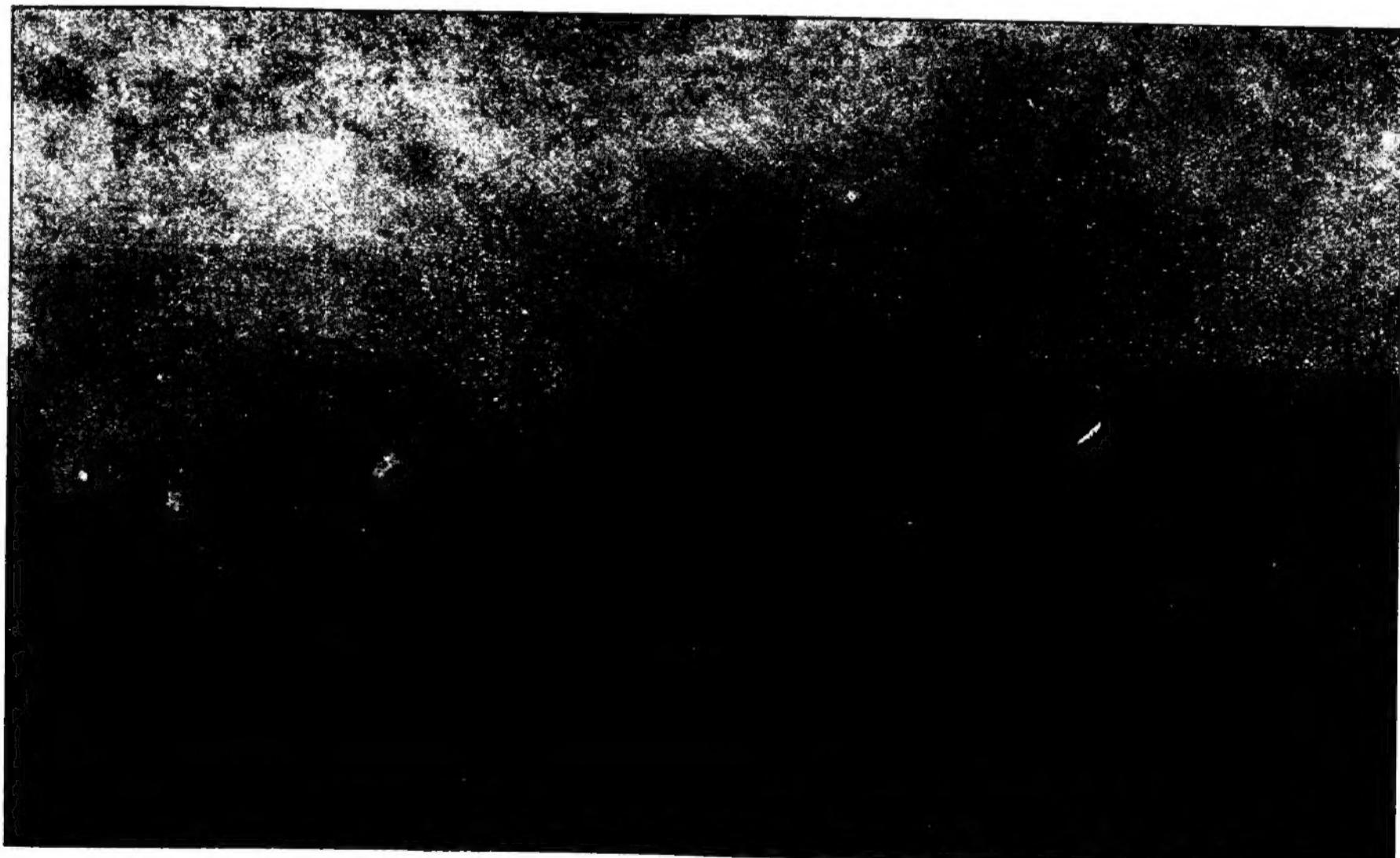
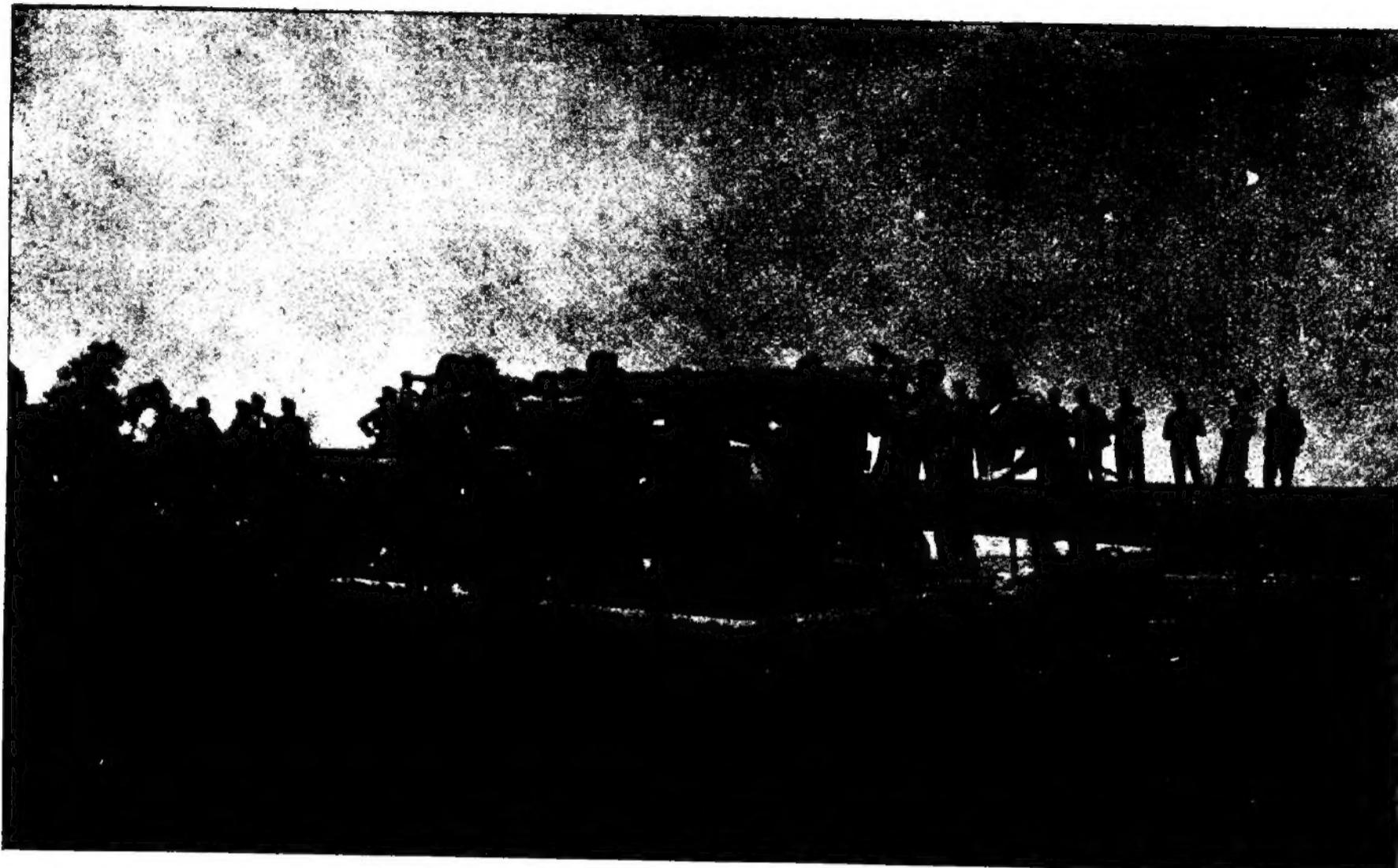
PASTOR FELIX.

*Author of the *American Vocalist*, a manual of church music much in vogue throughout New England and the Maritime Provinces forty years ago.

†Elder Farrington died since this was written. The account of his singing in the Conference room is derived from Dr. Tefft's "Worthy Brook Sketches."

A Turkish "Daughter of The Regiment."

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Daily News* tells the following pretty story of a "daughter of the regiment." During the Russo-Turkish war a private in the Kexholm Regiment when in Bulgaria found a little Turkish girl about four years old, who had been abandoned by her father and mother. The soldier took the little one to his officers, who resolved to adopt it. The child, who was suffering from want of food, soon recovered, and told her protectors that her name was Aish. As soon as peace had been signed and the Russians were allowed to enter Constantinople the colonel bought a quantity of dresses for "the young lady," and "a hat with a real garden of flowers upon it." When the regiment returned to Warsaw the officers resolved to do their best for the girl. They imposed upon themselves an income tax of 1 per cent. and resolved to pay to "the Aish fund" ten copecks of each game of cards used at the regimental club, etc. Aish, who meanwhile had been christened under the name of Maria Kexholmskaia, was then placed at the Maria College for young girls at Warsaw. Twelve years have passed and Maria Kexholmskaia has become a pretty girl, and has just finished her college studies. The regiment gave a *fête* in her honour a few days ago; then a state dinner, during which the oldest non-commissioned officer of the regiment, in the name of all the privates, presented a holy image, and in the evening there was a ball. As a sign of her gratitude, Maria Kexholmskaia presented the regiment with a large velvet cushion, on which she had embroidered in gold the monogram of the regiment and exact copies of all the decorations and medals the regiment has received for its gallantry. In one of the corners she had embroidered "Masha (or Maria) Kexholmskaia, 24th January, 1878—19th June, 1890." The Emperor of Austria is the chief of the regiment, and it is supposed that he will do something to show his interest in the daughter of his regiment, who is now staying with General Panjoutin, commander of the 11th Division, the officer who commanded the Kexholm Regiment when little Aish was found.



Dismounting 81 pr. gun.
Firing 40 pr. at 2,500 yards range.
Loading 40 pr.



Shifting Ordnance competition.
40 pr. gun Detachment
64 pr. " "

standing carriage.
Quebec, from Levis.
GALLERY COMPETITION, ISLAND OF ORLEANS.
(M. G. A.)

No. 117. 27th SEPTEMBER, 1890

MY QUEER PARISHIONERS.

My queer parishioners were not irreligious. On the contrary, they attended church regularly—once a day in the winter, and twice a day in the summer. They partook of Holy Communion regularly, and were always ready to give a little towards any church work I might ask them to aid. And when, on my parochial visits, I would speak of spiritual things, and asked to be allowed to read and pray with them, liberty to do so was willingly accorded, and my heart would often be cheered by an unlooked for and, as some of my parishioners would have said, a very "Methodistic" response or exclamation. Without being told by them in so many words, I knew that they had accepted the Saviour each for his own sins, and I never came away from their society without feeling cheered and strengthened in my own soul.

Yet, their queerness continued. They still scrubbed the floors of their stable and cow-house, much to the benefit of the animals concerned. One brother always sold the hay, the other the wheat. The sister never sold anything, not even her eggs, honey and butter, but she always accompanied the brother who did so, and while all three maintained a strict taciturnity towards all others, they were well liked for their old-fashioned courtesy. If cheating were attempted, no sale, however far advanced, was continued, nor did the offender ever receive the slightest recognition afterward. They went to the post-office twice a year only, and at those times they received but one letter, the post mark of which was English, and it bore a large red seal. If they had a banking account no one knew with whom, and it was a standing wonder with a certain class of gossips where they kept their money, and whether they would ever be robbed or murdered on account of it. I could not have thrown any light on these matters, for I knew no more than the public.

Five years passed happily with me and my dear wife and children in our pretty parsonage. I had once asked leave to take Rosalind with me to see Miss Smith, but was met with a gentle though firm refusal. They saw no one.

I had also asked them to come to the rectory for a little change, assuring them they would meet no one. They desired no change. Therefore, I gave up all overtures and accept'd the situation. During the fifth year my queer parishioners suddenly left off coming to church at all in the winter, and were not very regular in the summer. The cause was easy to discern, they were all getting too infirm either to walk or drive far.

Will Rogers was offered a five years' lease of the farm, with the exception of the fifty acres in which the house stood. The rent asked was high, but the land was worth it, and like a wise man Rogers accepted the offer. The cows were sold with the exception of one; the horses went with the farm, but one was to remain at the command of the house whenever he should be wanted. So the life of my queer parishioners became changed in spite of themselves, for who can resist old age?

One cold winter's night, of the same year I was sent for. Mr. Samuel Smith was ill and wished to see me. I found him ill, indeed. So fragile and worn he looked that I feared every breath would be his last. By his side sat his brother, Henry by name, and busied in necessary duties, Miss Smith moved quietly about, ever and anon going to the bedside to smile upon or kiss her brother.

The room was very neat, but it was painful in its plainness. No carpet, one chair, one table (both home-made, evidently), a small chest of drawers, white curtains at the windows, a white quilt on the bed, this was all; it needed but a corpse under the sheet to complete its death-like aspect.

"I am dying, Mr. Caryll," said the sick man as I advanced, "and I want a confidential friend, not more for my own sake than for these," and he indicated both brother and sister. "They are willing you should be that friend, because we have all learned to love and trust you, knowing you to be a faithful servant of the Master's and, therefore, that you will be faithful to us."

He spoke slowly, clearly, apparently without effort, yet I feared every word would be his last, he looked so wan and weak.

"You honour me, indeed, my dear friend," I replied; "but I will not fail you in anything I can do."

"Sit down and listen to our story and then we will make a request of you."

I sat down, wondering what the revelation would be; whether it would disclose crime, sorrow, vice, or insanity, for all these I knew to be fruitful of romance.

"Take a little broth, brother," said the aged sister, holding a little bowl to her brother's lips. He drank, and wiped his mouth on a handkerchief of finer cambric than I had ever seen in my life.

"Thank you, Nanny. And now Mr. Caryll, my story must be short for I am weak. You can take notes if you like; indeed, I think you had better do so."

The aged brother gave a deep sigh and tears filled his eyes.

"It is nearly sixty years, Mr. Caryll, since Nanny, Harry, I, and our mother first set foot on the soil of Canada, nay, since we first set foot on this very farm, then a part of the great wilderness, a virgin forest.

"You know what our mode of life has been. It was always so, and of our own deliberate choice and plan. We were young, we loved life, we could have taken great pleasure in society, we had no grudge against our fellows, why, then, did we become recluses? I will tell you.

"Our father was a London stock broker and a wealthy man. He gave his children all the advantages of wealth—a good education, a happy home, and prospects sufficiently satisfactory for all reasonable expectations. There had been five children—two died young—so that there were but Nanny, Harry and myself when I was twenty-one. I had been to college and was home for my coming of age. A large party was given, and with my lovely and loving mother on my arm, I had been receiving the congratulations of our guests, among whom were some of the most prominent men and women in politics and literature of that day. Beautiful girls vied with each other in pleasing me, and happiness seemed to hold me by the hand. During the evening my father, who, always genial and hearty, was particularly so on this occasion, was called out of the room, and remained away so long that my mother whispered to me to seek him. I obeyed, and learning from the footman that he was in the library with a gentleman who had called on business, I proceeded thither. The room was at the end of a long corridor, for my father required perfect quiet when reading or work. But as I laid my hand on the lock I heard a loud voice saying :

"You will not help me, then?"

"I tell you, man, I cannot. I have money also invested in the scheme, which I shall lose."

"But you are rich and have more, while it is *my all* that is gone,—*my all*, I tell you, and it is your doing."

"Tut, tut; no such thing. I told you I was putting money into it; but no sane man puts his all into one thing."

"You said it was safe, and I believed you. Now it is gone, I am a ruined man, and my wife and little ones beggars."

"Well, well, man, it's no use crying over spilt milk. We must take the world as we find it. Pray go home, Mr. Blank."

"Oh, my Helen! Oh, my children!" groaned the man, then suddenly changing his tones to one of menace, he cried: "I tell you, Hunter, if you do not help me to recover this loss I will kill you."

"Pshaw!" cried my father, "you talk like a madman. If you do not go I will have you put out."

"You will, will you! Never!" and before I could rush in two shots resounded through the house.

The sight was horrible. A man lay at my feet as I entered, stone dead, and my father was staggering, as though he wished to reach the window. He fell into my arms, bleeding from a wound in his neck, of which he died in half an hour, not having spoken a word. I will pass over the horrors of that night, and the sorrows that came thick upon us. My mother was prostrate with the blow. For myself I seemed suddenly to become an old man.

The suicide and murderer had spoken truly. His wife and four little children were left penniless, and I had no friends to whom they could turn for help and protection. The poor widow died within a month. During that month my father's affairs were wound up. He had lost money in the venture that had cost him his life; moreover, he had left his business in a very unsatisfactory condition, so that, after the first wave of sympathy had spent itself, people began to say harsh things about him and to look askance at Harry and me. God knows, neither he nor we deserved it; but people can only judge from superficials, and when it was known that the suicide had ventured his all upon my father's representations, it was deemed no mitigation that he, too, had lost largely, and that his children's fair prospects were blighted by his murder."

Here the sick man gasped, and while his sister brought him a cordial, the brother lightened his pillows and besought him to rest.

"No! No!" he replied, "I will end the story, it is not long now, and then I will rest."

"Will you not let Mr. Harry tell the remainder?" I suggested.

"No! I prefer ending what I have begun. As I said, I seemed to be made old by the events of my twenty-first birthday, and instead of a merry, lively school-boy, Harry there became a saddened and changed man.

The value of our father's will had depended on the success of certain business ventures, and these, more or less, fell through for want of his guiding hand. Yet, it seemed to Harry and me, that the suicide's widow and children had an undoubted claim on our estate, though the lawyers tried to reason us out of such "utopian nonsense," as they were pleased to call it. But we could see it in no other light, and finding that no more than a few thousands would be left when everything was settled up, we determined our plan of action for the future, providing our mother agreed to it. She was too heartbroken to argue and having always looked to our father for guidance, now turned to me, as his successor, to decide for her. The suicide's widow died, as I have said, within a month; but we took care that money should be supplied for all her needs, and, after the funeral, we executed a deed, placing four thousand pounds at the service of her four children for their education and support. This we put into the hands of a lawyer, who was to communicate with the guardian of the children, if there was any, and, if not, to act as guardian himself. We also executed another deed, binding ourselves to restore all that the children had lost through our father's advice to their father, since we could not endure the thought that any should suffer through him, who would no doubt have taken means to do justice had he been allowed to live. But, having done this, we had little left for ourselves. We had no business experience; and though friends of our father offered us various positions, we shrank

from them coldly, knowing that, though we were pitied, our father was in some sort held to have brought his fate on himself.

"We had heard of Canada as a land of great openings. We had health and strength and some money, and so we decided to emigrate. At first our mother demurred strongly. She felt keenly the necessity which it would entail of leaving the dust of him who had been all the world to her to the care of others. But Nanny supported our views, and at last we set sail. We would bury the past even so far as to change our name. We would let no one know who we were, so that our dear father's name should never be dishonoured by word or sign again. We would ask no one to associate with the children of a man who had been in the smallest degree blameworthy in the public eye, and we would work hard and pay all that debt to the orphans. Our mother died on the passage. It was a hateful journey then and a long one, and we had not taken one of the fast clippers, lest upon it might be found some one to reproach our father. We three landed alone at Quebec. We got good advice as to selecting a place to settle, and, as we had money, we bought our land out and out, with the house already upon it and ten acres cleared. It was hard work, but even now I recall with joy the happiness of the time. We were young, and except that we kept our vow of perfect seclusion, there was nothing to trouble us. Nature's beauties were on every hand, the land was our own, the air pure, the sky brighter than we had ever seen before, and God was above, where our father and mother were, for we never doubted that our father had meant to do right, and was the best of men. We think so still."

"You may be sure we sent nothing home towards the debt the first year, nor the second, nor the third; but we tried, and the fourth year were able, by great economy, to remit a hundred pounds to our lawyer, with directions to invest it in government consols and place it to the credit of the orphans. From that time we have regularly sent from one to three hundred pounds per year home, for as home we still regard it. Indeed, I doubt whether homesickness is ever entirely cured."

"But," I ventured, "at that rate you must long ago have discharged your assumed liabilities."

"You are right. Yet things have not gone so easily as you might imagine. The children grew up—three boys and a girl—lovely and well educated; but they gave us the anxious vicissitudes that parents generally have to bear, yet we were not the parents and so could not exercise parental authority. When it was found that the children were to be provided for, friends took a great interest in them, and some went so far as to fill their heads with much nonsense as to their rights and future prospects. Our lawyer had to interfere and prove to these foolish people that legally the children had no claim to the support they were receiving. This brought an end to the foolish suggestions, but in the mind of one of the boys they had already wrought evil. He had expensive tastes, and he gratified them—at our cost. Much legal correspondence had to be entered into, and our money seemed to melt away in fees. However, the boy at length saw his folly, and both the three brothers and the sister are prosperous and happy. The men—for they are elderly men now—are in business, capital accruing to them from their father's debt, which was equally divided as it gathered in the course of time. The sister's share was her dower and she married well. We have nothing now to regret; on the contrary, we are very happy. It has pleased God that we should live together—Harry, Nanny and I—through a long life, a very long life, for I am beyond eighty, and they are but a year or two younger. I do not say, Mr. Caryll, that happiness has been ours unbrokenly. Love, friendship, the family, have assailed us with burning arrows; but with the shield of duty and the weapon of hard work, we have quenched them—each for himself—never bemoaning, never regretting, always finding in each other the solace of a high and noble love. And now I have to ask my favour of you—our favour. There is money—a good deal of it—lying in consols to our credit, for it is ten years since the last farthing of our father's debt to the orphans was paid. I am dying, but these may live yet for years. I want you to take my place in a manner—to do the necessary business for my brother and sister, to see that they are cared for according to their infirmities, and, further, to be one of the executors of our will. Our lawyer in Z—will be the other, and we have agreed that the document shall be a joint testament, just as our lives have been joined together for so many years."

"Certainly, my dear sir, I will accept your charge gladly, and I feel proud and happy to know that you esteem me so highly."

"Harry, bring hither the will, if you please." The invalid lay back on his pillows exhausted, but smiling, and took readily the little cordial his aged sister brought for him. It was a touching sight these three old people—martyrs, heroes, as they were! In my sight a halo radiated from each aged head, and I could scarcely refrain from visible emotion. In obedience to his brother's request Mr. Harry read the will. It was a marvel of precision and brevity.

The money in England was a little over a thousand pounds and was left to a charity there. The farm was to be sold at the expiration of the Rogers' lease, and the proceeds were to be divided between a provincial college and a hospital. A horse, mentioned by name, was given to me, as were all the books, and the secretary, if I cared to have it. The cows—five of them—also mentioned by name, were given one each to poor people in the district who had been known for their honesty and cleanliness;

and scrubbed floors for the cow-houses were the only conditions required. Ten cords of the best wood were to be sent to each of three charitable institutions, named, in the town nearest. All the linen, plate—for they had some of each of great value—the china, and any other household stuff she might like, were given to my wife, with Miss Nanny's love, though they had never exchanged ten words, save of formal greeting. In short, everything was disposed of with the greatest particularity. The lawyer mentioned as my joint executor had been notified, and was expected the following day, at which, I suppose, I looked my apprehensions.

"I shall not die to-morrow or the next day, my friend," said the sick man, "but it will not be long; and now I have another request, or rather two, to make. We have four hundred pounds in the house, saved for funeral expenses, and any sudden demand that may arise. We want you to take this into your personal care, to see that our funerals are conducted quietly and with no waste of money. We have selected our lot in the churchyard. It is bought and paid for, as you will see on reference to the warden's books. When the last of us is buried a stone is to be placed on our grave, with our initials and the date of death only upon it, and the verse, 'Thine, O Lord, is the glory.'

"If one should be taken and the other left, we ask you to care for the survivor to the best of your ability. And if death should overtake you before them, we ask you to name your successor, for we cannot do it, knowing so little of any one else."

I was more than ever touched by such distinguished marks of confidence on the part of my queer parishioners, and I went home bowed under a sense of coming loss and deep humility, for what had I done to be the subject of such perfect confidence? Rosalind wept as I narrated the scenes I had just been through.

"We must go to them every day, Paul, whenever the separation takes place; fancy two such aged people living alone and unable, by reason of their infirmities, to have recourse to their old assistant, hard work. The change will be very great." I agreed with my wife, for had I not already formed a similar resolution?

The end came quickly. The lawyer, a man of eminence and noted for his probity, arrived. I was glad to find him one with whom I could work in harmony, for he had a tender heart. The will was signed and carried away by Mr. — to be placed in safety, and the trio were left alone according to their wish. The elder brother died in a day or two, and was followed by a long *cortege* of neighbours, who, perhaps, deserved also to be called friends, since it was out of sincere respect that they attended the funeral of a man whose outer life was all they had ever known.

The complete collapse following upon the loss of one of their little band, and, perhaps, also the sudden cessation of the necessity for thought and work had an unlooked for effect—the health of both sister and brother gave way, both became nervous and unable to take nourishment. Within a quarter of a year brother and sister lay also in the churchyard, and my office of executor was over for my queer parishioners.

I never divulged name or circumstances, but I did my best to enforce the lesson of their lives and to impress upon my parishioners the value of a high ideal of duty and its faithful performance. The tears that fell from many eyes on that occasion were like soft rains upon seed sown by the example of the pure in heart.

S. A. CURZON.

Our British Columbia Letter.

By this time people in Ontario and Quebec will be returning from their wanderings in search of a cooler climate, and settling down at home again with a sigh of relief after the discomforts of hotel and boarding-house life. In British Columbia the annual exodus is unknown, for the simple reason that the inhabitants of the chief cities of our Province fully realize that just where they are is the best place in which they can possibly spend the summer. What an immense amount of mental exertion is avoided by so prompt a solution of the ever-recurring problem, "Where shall we go this year?" Here the question is answered in advance, for in Vancouver and Victoria, Westminister and Nanaimo, the sunshine and the sea breezes have combined to produce the ideal summer climate.

That we are so fortunate in this respect is perhaps the most generally understood fact about British Columbia. Comparatively little is even yet known about this part of the Dominion, so long cut off from rapid communication with the outer world. Many letters from the Pacific Province have appeared in the Eastern papers, many books have been written on the same subject by the irrepressible tourist, but all of these have dwelt upon the wild life of the settler or the miner, or drawn a glowing picture of the sportsman's paradise among our mountain ranges. These descriptions, vivid though they may be in their accounts of camping out or "roughing it" in the bush, do not give a true idea of British Columbia as it is, because they ignore the equally interesting phases of the steady growth of social and intellectual life in the Province. This is, of course, principally centred in the cities, but exists also in quiet country places and even in the yet undeveloped interior, where there are many ranches whose owners have brought with them to the new world the refinements of an older civilization. In many a log shanty, outwardly the ordinary settler's cabin, you will find the table strewn with English and French periodicals, the rough shelves filled with a

small but well-chosen library, often a choice etching or water-colour on the coarse, brown-papered wall, and the whole room, from the ferns and wild flowers in the window to the old violin in the corner, bearing the unmistakable imprint of a cultivated taste. These ranchers, living perhaps miles from their nearest neighbour, manage as a rule to keep in touch with what is going on in the world outside, and in their weekly mail bag the catalogues of farming implements or advertisements of stock sales may jostle the most tragic of Ibsen's dramas or the very latest story by Rudyard Kipling.

These are the contrasting colours of life in a new country, but the separate touches of literary and artistic feeling that stand out so strongly against the rude background of a pioneer existence are blending into breadth and harmony in our cities and taking shape in many practical directions. The art associations of Vancouver and Victoria, the philharmonic and orchestral societies, the reading circles, libraries and dramatic clubs, all these and many more are springing up as proofs of the rapid growth of interest in intellectual pursuits. The soil is perhaps not the most congenial for the development of the delicate flowers of culture, they are apt to be carelessly thrust aside in the pursuit of more substantial prizes, but now that they have taken root amongst us we joyfully welcome every opening bud that gives promise of crowning our material progress with its beauty.

The latest and most important advance in the direction of higher education is the proposal to establish a university in British Columbia. The first step was taken at the last session of the Local Legislature, when an act was passed regarding it, and since then one hundred and twenty-five graduates of British and Colonial Universities have registered their names. Of these thirty-five were from Victoria, forty from Vancouver, twenty-seven from Westminster and twenty-two from other places in the Province. On August 26th the first statutory meeting of convocation was held in Victoria. About seventy graduates were present and elected three of their number as representatives on the council—the Right Rev. A. W. Sillitoe, Bishop of New Westminster; Dr. Powell of Victoria, and Mr. Charles Whetham, of Vancouver. The best of good feeling and harmony prevailed at the meeting, and for once the Island and the Mainland forgot all their sectional differences and were united in the one aim of establishing a university of which not only British Columbia but the Dominion may be proud. The question of where it will be situated is for after consideration, but it will probably be placed so as to secure the "greatest good of the greatest number." The next meeting will be held in Vancouver at a date to be named by the committee.

To those who have never crossed the great Canadian highway, British Columbia is still in its social aspects a *terra incognita*. They have heard of the inexhaustible wealth of its mines, fisheries and timber limits, and they know that a marvellous new city has sprung into existence at the terminus of the railway, but society on this side of the Rocky Mountains is by many people thought to be of the typical Western variety. They do not realize that English standards and ideals have even more weight here than in Ontario, and that a Trollope could better describe our manners and customs than a Bret Harte. Perhaps a slightly livelier Trollope, for there is undoubtedly a freshness and a charm that is not possessed by conventional life in England. Those who have once lived here find an attraction that makes them unwilling to return to older communities. In spite of some inconveniences, perhaps harder work and less time to devote to pleasure, there is something in the air that banishes ennui and inspires hopefulness. Perhaps the country in which we live, with its vast reserve force of natural wealth, has in some occult way impressed us with a feeling of illimitable possibilities. Be this as it may, we certainly do not agree with the cynicism that "Life would be tolerable were it not for its amusements," but on the contrary manage to extract as much enjoyment from them as possible.

Victoria is celebrated for the brilliancy of its social entertainments, and the presence of the officers of the fleet contributes much to their success. A particularly good ball was given on August 29th by the citizens to Rear Admiral Hotham and the officers of H.M.S. Warspite, Champion, Amphion, Espiegle, Daphne and Nymphe, all stationed at Esquimalt. The decorations were extremely effective, a profusion of flowers everywhere, a fountain sparkling among myriad tiny electric lights, flags of all colours and masses of tropical-looking foliage, all these changed the assembly hall into a scene from fairy land. The band of the Warspite played the dance music, while Signors Bistolfi and Montanelli gave selections on the guitar and mandolin.

The Amphion and Espiegle have been in Vancouver harbour for some days. The former ship will probably leave this month for Honolulu.

LENNOX.

Science and Art in Toronto

[From an occasional correspondent]

The city is full of the excitement attending the exhibition—or fall fair, as it has come to be called—but above and beyond is felt the awakening to life once more of the University term. Professors are returning from their holidays, students are hunting up boarding houses, "years" are beginning to be talked about, and the outside colleges, particularly the ladies' colleges, as Moulton and the Presbyterian, are already at work.

We hear of an increased number of students of the Science course at the University. The School of Science building has been altered and enlarged, and "the Architects" are to have a corner of it.

Our Public Analyst, Dr. Ellis, and his assistant, a lady graduate of Toronto University, had their holidays curtailed by the arrival of a large consignment of samples of milk to be tested and of water to be analysed. Some of the latter was taken from Toronto pipes and proved good enough; in fact, very good, notwithstanding the recent outcry against the city water in connection with the typhoid conditions that lately characterized the city. Many people blame the system that prevails here of having open manholes at frequent intervals along all our sewers, thus letting the lightest part of their foul contents (the sewer-gas) into the streets for the really unhealthy, though by no means epidemic, conditions under which we live—and die.

The milk test appears to be a most interesting enquiry, not only in ensuring to the consumer less of the "cow with the iron tail," but also in dealing with the source of supply itself. The present exhibition has been utilized by our Dominion analyst, Mr. McIarlane, to enquire into the constitutional fitness of a cow as a milk producer by the test of the quality of the milk she produces. No doubt many other considerations, such as breed, feed, resultant butter, etc., come within the scope of such an enquiry, but if we also get better milk for our little ones and a large proportion of the real Simon Pure in the ice-cream of our larger ones, we shall gain something worth having.

Now that summer resorts are closing, winter conventions are showing signs of activity. The American Association for the Advancement of Women—an offset of the famous New York Sorosis—is to meet in Toronto about the 14th October. The president of the association is Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, a name that introduces itself: and with her will be a large number of the literary women of the United States, many of whom will read papers cognate to the object of the association, which is "to consider and present practical methods for securing to women higher intellectual, moral and physical conditions, with a view to the improvement of all domestic and social relations."

Cards of invitation to attend a meeting from which to organize working committees have already been issued to the number of two hundred among our eminent men and women in arts, philanthropy and literature, and invitations will be sent to representative women throughout Canada to attend the convention, reduced railway fares being secured for them. It is expected that certain of our Canadian women writers will read papers on the occasion, and it is felt that such a convention ought to stimulate and encourage thought and form a rallying point for our literary women especially, so that a similar association may be formed in Canada.

Lady Macdonald is invited to be present at the convention as a representative literary woman, and His Worship the Mayor has not only accorded the association an invitation on behalf of the city, but has placed the Pavilion at its service for the occasion, and the City Council Chamber for the preliminary meeting on Friday, 19th inst.

Our gifted townsman, Mr. F. A. Dunlap, has completed for the Government a fine half-length of Col. Gzowski, A.D.C. to the Queen, and has placed it, together with several busts, on exhibition in Hovenden's, (artists' materials), King street. If life-like characteristics mean artistic value, this work of Mr. Dunbar's is of high merit, and need not fear critical comparison with the work of other sculptors anywhere. Mr. Dunbar has a model on the stand of Mr. Howard, the late owner of Howard Park, now belonging to the city, and has also in contemplation a statue of Laura Secord, the heroine of the war of 1812. The employment of sculpture in decorative art, both for public and private purposes is becoming better appreciated in Toronto than before. Consequently, there is more hope of our keeping native-born genius at home, instead of forcing it to seek other countries. Where is our historical painter, too? Or has not one yet arisen among us?

S.

Crime in Fiction.

It is asserted, and, we daresay, with some truth, that novels like Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard," and illustrated sheets like the *Police News*, have largely recruited the ranks of the thieves and the burglars. There the seed had fallen in kindly soil prepared by circumstances and hereditary depravity. The mass of amateurs of the horrible in the upper or middle classes are more prosaically minded or less romantically disposed.

At all events they seldom dream of translating thought into action, and taking the short but dangerous cuts to their crimes which comes so naturally to their favourite heroes and heroines. They are content to admire, to gape, and to swallow; to shrink delightfully at the rustle of the stealthy prisoner's nightdress, and to shudder at the heavy thud of the hired ruffian's bludgeon as it lights upon some respectable head.

Criminal fiction does little direct harm in the sense of shortening inconvenient lives or tampering with important deeds. But it steadily demoralizes the palate for anything milder and more delicately flavoured; the habitual dram drinker will have his stimulants stronger and stronger, and you cannot expect him to turn with satisfaction from spirits above proof, fresh from the distillery, to the choicest of Schloss Johannisberg or Château Yquem.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.



"Snowflake" & "Fantasy"
Winners in Tandem class -

SUCCESSFUL CANADIAN HORSES AT DETROIT EXHIBITION, 1890.

27th SEPTEMBER, 1890

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

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SUCCESSFUL CANADIAN HORSES AT DETROIT EXHIBITION, 1890.



Washing floors and shelves with strong pepper tea, or hot alum or borax water, will destroy ants and roaches.

LEMON SAUCE.—One cup of granulated sugar, a large tablespoonful of butter, one egg, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, six tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Mix butter and sugar, add the beaten egg, next the lemon and boiling water, heating briskly for a moment. Set the bowl containing the sauce in boiling water and cook until the consistency of honey.

Laundry bags are convenient household articles. Ticking, feather-stitched awning cloth or a washable cretonne are serviceable fabrics. A good pattern consists of two widths of cretonne, each a yard long, which are slit near the top, bound with braid around the slit, and laid together with a piece of the same size of stout lining in Turkey red twill or any other suitable material laid between them. The edges of these three layers are bound together with braid, and the bag is Shirred at the top over a flat, smooth stick or lath about half a yard long and an inch wide. When hung up this makes two bags, one on each side of the lining.

WHITE BROTH.—Place in a large pot on a moderate fire a good knuckle of fine white veal, with all the debris or scraps of meat, including bones, remaining in the kitchen (but not of game). Cover fully with cold water, adding a handful of salt, and, as it comes to a boil, be very careful to skim all the scum off—no particle of scum should be left on—and then put in two large, sound, well-scraped carrots whole, one whole turnip, one whole onion, one parsley root, three leeks and a few leaves of celery. Boil very slowly for six hours on the corner of the range. Skim the grease off, then strain well through a wet cloth into a china bowl or a stone jar and put away in a cool place for general use.

NEAPOLITAN PUDDING.—One pint of orange juice (requiring seven or eight medium-sized oranges), one-half box of gelatine, the white of one egg, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of cold water, one cupful of boiling water, a few drops of rose-coloured fruit extract, and the grated rind and juice of one large lemon. Soak the gelatine in the cold water, add the boiling water, the juice of oranges and lemon, and the sugar. Strain and divide into three equal parts, pouring one-third into a flat-bottomed dish and setting away to harden. To the second third, add a few drops of the colouring extract and set this also in a cool place. Let the remaining portion get thoroughly cold, and as soon as it shows symptoms of forming into jelly, add to it the beaten white of an egg, and whip until light and spongy. Pour this into a small mould, which has been dipped in cold water, and set upon ice for several hours. Remove from the mould, cut the coloured jelly into small cubes, and heap about the base.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

It is hard to realize that brief, bright summer, with its many pleasures, is over. Yet, in bidding adieu to it, we welcome, on the other hand, one of our most delightful seasons—autumn, with its glorious days of sunshine and cooling winds; days that woo us out of doors to luxuriate in their beauty. It is at this season that we enjoy to the utmost one of the most pleasurable, as well as one of the most healthy of exercises—walking.

Few cities possess such a magnificent Park in which to ramble as we do, when in twenty minutes or so you can escape from the noise and bustle of the city and lose yourself amidst the sylvan delights of hill and vale. Yet, how few seem to avail themselves of this beau ideal of places for walking. While some of our streets are well patronized, our Park is left for driving or riding, and only a stray pedestrian here and there is seen. When our English sisters visit our city one of the first things they say is: "What a charming place for walks." Even our American cousins have at last awakened to the realization of the importance of walking, and in many of their large cities have walking clubs. Every day they organize a long walk, and, in speaking lately to a member of one of these clubs from Cleveland, she said that when she had first joined she was in very poor health, suffering from nervous prostration (that nightmare of so many of our women now-a-days), and was only able to go very short distances, but that now she could accompany the rest on their longest walks without experiencing any fatigue, this she proved by one day walking fourteen miles without any effort.

Among the "four hundred" of New York walking has largely entered into their schedule of physical culture, in which of late years they have taken much interest. The marrying age of a young lady among the "four hundred" is from twenty-five to thirty, as she is not expected to leave college before she is twenty, after which, five or ten years more must be spent in travelling, physical culture and development. While the women of other cities are beginning to realize where our English sisters get their good looks and splendid health, let ours not be behind in also practising this much neglected and health-giving exercise.

Just now while grapes are coming in so plentifully, retailing as low as three and a half cents a pound, our housekeepers would do well to put up for winter use grape wine,

which is so beneficial. Miss Willard's recipe for making it is simple and sure:—Crush 20 lbs. of Concord grapes, add two quarts of water and bring to a boil in a porcelain kettle, then strain through a sieve or colander to separate the juice from the pulp and skins, using, in doing so, a little more water as required. Now add to the juice six pounds of granulated sugar, and after the sugar is all dissolved strain through a thick cloth. Heat it again just to the boiling point, then pour it into bottles and seal while hot. For colds, if heated and flavoured with nutmeg, it makes a pleasant drink.

A few years ago the custom of having a dish of fruit on the breakfast table was confined to but few, whereas now every good housekeeper sees that her breakfast table is provided with a tempting dish of such fruits as are in season.

The value of fruits, from a medicinal point of view, cannot be too highly estimated. In the late influenza epidemic the orange was found to have a very beneficial effect, and many of the doctors recommended the fruit as a means of alleviating, if not actually staying off, that distressing complaint.

The process of frosting fruit for winter use, for garnishing, or for dessert, is given in the *Ladies' Journal* as follows:—Put the fruit—such as apricots, peaches, plums, cherries, etc.—into a preserving-pan, with a small piece of alum, and sufficient cold water to cover them; stew for a few minutes, very gently, then take them out, remove the skin and dip the fruit separately into clarified butter, or finest salad oil, and roll in coarsely-crushed loaf-sugar. When the fruit has been entirely coated in this manner, arrange it on baking tins, and place it in a moderate oven, where it must remain until the sugar sparkles, but care must be taken to see that the fruit does not become at all discoloured. A lovely effect can be obtained by coating part of the fruit with white sugar, part with green, and part with pink. If required for a dessert dish, pile the different fruits up when cold on a handsome glass dish and garnish tastefully with fresh green leaves; but if not wanted at once, pack carefully in boxes with air-tight lids, and put a sheet of thin white paper between each layer. Store in a cool place and use as required.

Mr. Barnsley, who had charge of the outdoor sketching class last year, has again taken this position,—the class going out for the first time last Saturday. Mr. Barnsley has but just returned from Holland, where he spent the summer. On the voyage out he disposed of several fine pictures representing scenes in Holland.

Men and Matters in Ontario.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, September, 1890.

Toronto people were prepared for the decision of the General Conference of the Methodist Church at Montreal on the subject of college federation. The substantial reaffirmation of the position taken by the Conference of 1886 not only settles the main matter for good and all, but settles it to the satisfaction of the majority who went in for the re-construction of Coburg's claims more than a year ago. While those financial difficulties which were then placed in the way of removal to Toronto are still to be legally arbitrated there can be no doubt that the size of the majority in the vote at Montreal will have the effect of hastening the desirable end of a give-and-take agreement upon the rights of Cobourg to compensation. The man who is most pleased with the finding of the Conference is Rev. Dr. Dewart, editor of the *Christian Guardian*. His impartiality to the minority of the connection was more than once called in question, both in the press and on the floor of past conferences. But he stuck by his guns, holding out in the face of all accusations that what had once been decided on by the highest court of the Methodist Church could not be re-opened for discussion. This way of thinking on the part of the editor diverted the flow of correspondence into the secular press, and the result was that bitter feelings were not only entertained but also expressed by many on both sides. Now, when the fight has been fought again all these things are forgotten, and Dr. Dewart's future way is strewn with flowers.

The citizens of Hamilton have reason to be proud of their new public library and the auspicious opening thereof. The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen graced the ceremony; and the latter made a neat little speech, which was enthusiastically applauded, and has been praised ever since the delivery of it on the evening of the 16th. Many well known educationists of the Province were present, among them Sir Daniel Wilson president of Toronto University; Hon. George W. Ross, Minister of Education; Mr. James Bain, Jr., Librarian of the Toronto Public Library, and Mr. James Innes, M.P., of the Guelph Library Board. Hamilton has been making great strides of late in every department of progress. The buildings of the city are constantly improving, and the new free library makes a handsome addition to their number. The building is the habitation of literature, science and art.

On October 14th the eighteenth annual congress of the Association for Advancement of Women will be opened in Toronto. The gathering will be a notable one. Women authors, poets and scientists of the continent will take part in it. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is the president, and some brainy Toronto ladies are members, among them the veteran apostle of women's enfranchisement, Dr. Emily Stowe, whose eloquence has often evoked the admiration of Toronto audiences. The citizens are making preparations for the proper reception of the delegates, and a reception committee of the City Council has been appointed to carry out the arrangements.

On the 18th instant at Cobourg a novel decision was pronounced by Magistrate J. H. Dumble, of that city. A boy named David Smith was brought up before the Justice charged with stabbing another lad. The young prisoner's guilt was established, but the ordinary punishment provided by the law in such cases did not meet with the approval of the court. Said Magistrate Dumble, "If he was sent to the reformatory at Penetanguishene for five years his morals might not be improved any when he came out." To send the lad to the Industrial School at Mimico the economic Magistrate found would mean an expense to the municipality, and that could not be thought of. To flog the boy would be as cheap a course as any, while the chances were that the moral effect would prove salutary. Arguing in this fashion, the Magistrate suggested that if the lad's father gave him a good flogging with a birch "gad" the ends of justice and the finances of the municipality would be amply conserved. Mr. Smith the elder gladly accepted the proposition, and the lad got a good sound "hiding" right there and then. The ratepayers of Cobourg, it is further stated, commended the wisdom of the court.

For months the Council of Berlin have been investigating the shortages of Registrar McDougall and thinking how to find redress for the loss of \$4,751, which is due to the county. The affair has a slight political hue. The Commissioner appointed by the Attorney-General to investigate the charges made did not consider it his duty to enquire into the amount of the shortage, and after his report was sent in action on the part of the Government did not follow, as was expected. The Council now order the payment by the Registrar forthwith of the sum mentioned, with \$2,100 interest. So far as the action of the Government is concerned, the matter will not be dealt with before the next session of the Legislature. The Registrar claims that the accounts were mixed and that he is ready to pay what is fairly considered due.

Mr. John Dryden, M.P.P., the new head of the Agricultural Department in the Provincial Legislature has already run foul of opposition opinion. He was invited to address the agricultural exhibitors at the Toronto exhibition, and made a long speech, in which he took a fling at the Dominion Government in regard to the delay experienced in the removal of the rifle ranges from the land adjoining the Exhibition grounds. The charge made against Mr. Dryden amounts to this: that he touched with rough hand a delicate matter. He could not be supposed to know the pros and cons of the subject, and his indignation was not only untimely, but might have disastrous effects on the satisfactory settlement of a question between the city and the volunteer corps, in which both sides desire to do what is right. Fortunately, Mr. Dryden is almost alone in his anger, and those in whose hands the ranges difficulty is being got rid of are not likely to be met with outbursts of this sort.

The lumbermen of the Board of Trade met Sir Henry Tyler and Sir Joseph Hickson on their visit to Toronto, and urged on them to help them out of the hole in which slow transportation facilities and shortage of cars have lodged their business. The lumbermen complain, among other things, that their lumber is allowed to deteriorate while waiting removal to their customers. For years they have been asking to be supplied with more cars. They have been blaming Mr. Wragge a good deal, but one effect of their interview with Sir Henry Tyler and Sir Joseph Hickson was to remove this misapprehension. The interview gave them no hope of remedy in the near future, and they are thoroughly dissatisfied.

The success of the Trinidad, Alberta and British Columbia exhibits at the Toronto fair will have the effect, it is hoped, of influencing the Board of the Exhibition Association to give these important departments of the show better and larger accommodation next year.

Torontonians are now face to face with the question whether bay sewage is not, after all, better than having no water at all. While they were grumbling that the liquid was unfit to drink, they had forgotten that it was good enough to run hoists, water the streets, or even to wash in. The water famine, which arrived this week, has been for years something in the nature of a European war cloud. It seems that the Water Works Department, despite all the reconstructive work done on it for the past two or three years is, after all, only reaching a hopeless collapse, and the inevitable consequence of this came on at last. The unbelievers who all along caught their noses when they came near the picturesquely situated reservoir can now take a grim delight in the actual discovery and exposure of its filthy condition. The general impression is that the head ought to be taken off the present water works system and some new and healthy plan adopted in its stead. It is fortunate that the break-down did not occur in the heat of summer.

The Angry Tree.

There is a species of acacia which is commonly called the angry tree. It reaches the height of 80 feet after rapid growth, and somewhat resembles the century plant. One of these curious plants was brought from Australia and set out at Virginia, Nev., where it has been seen by many persons. When the sun sets the leaves fold up and the tender twigs coil lightly, like a little pig's tail. If the shoots are handled the leaves rustle and move uneasily for a time. If this queer plant is removed from one pot to another it seems angry, and the leaves stand out in all directions, like quills on a porcupine. A most pungent and sickening odour, said to resemble that given off by rattlesnakes when annoyed, fills the air, and it is only after an hour or so that the leaves fold in the natural way.



SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Fast and sharp as was the game on the Rosedale grounds between the Torontos and the Montrealers, I have seen both teams play far better lacrosse. In fact, the play was far more remarkable for its roughness than its science. There was very little team play—in fact, conspicuously little—and most of the scoring was done by individual "bull-luck." Contrary to general expectation, and decidedly to the disappointment of the crowd on the grand stand, Montreal had the best of the play throughout. The boys in grey were by far the swiftest and sturdiest of the two teams, and when Toronto started in at the opening of the game to do some of the rough work that won them the match against Cornwall, they got it back with a promptitude and warmth that effectively cowed them. Montreal never kicked or appealed to the referee. Although at the end of the second game nearly every man passed into the dressing-room bleeding, there was never a growl nor a complaint. They just laid low and repaid the men who struck them with interest. And how they did do it, too! From that out the Toronto players occupied the position of under dog in the fight. They were not in it with Montreal. They were afraid to slug and frightened to run in. As a consequence, Montreal was the aggressor all through, and only the magnificent defence of Toronto saved her from a monumental licking.

* * *

There were two amusing incidents during the afternoon. The first was the clever way in which Garvin duped the poor innocent, easy-going referee by playing fox in the second game, and the other was the way in which Sam Martin was turned head over heels by McNaughton when he was foolish enough to try and dodge that swiftest and most tricky of home players. Fancy long Sam, with his great lumbering stride, trying to "juke" Archie! He might have known what would happen. And it did happen. Archie ran right in on the long Torontonian and gave the elbow on the throat with such force that Sam turned a catherine-wheel into the fence, and after he had been pried out of the corner and the splinters combed out of his hair it took fully a minute to rub some sparks of consciousness into his head. Next time he tries to dodge Archie he will wear a shirt of mail and a baseball mask.

* * *

The young men who play lacrosse for the Ottawa club may be very nice young men, indeed, and sometimes they play fairly good lacrosse; but it would appear that they are not particular as to the methods they use to attain their ends. Of course, they turned the tables on the Shamrocks for the defeat they had previously suffered at the latter's hands, but they did not turn them in quite a legitimate way. The referee, although in some cases exercising his authority, when it appeared impossible for him to do otherwise, in the majority of cases was as much use as a peg driven into the ground. This may seem harsh; but with the fast lacrosse that has to be played this season there is a great deal left in the hands of the referee. He is particularly responsible for the character of the game, and if a team with slugging tendencies find out that he is of a lenient disposition they will not be slow to take advantage of it, and that was remarkably well illustrated in the case of the Ottawas, for they slugged at every available opportunity, and travelled as far as they could in the way of disgracing the club whose colours they wore. Certainly, not all the members of the twelve can be thus accused, but there were more than enough on Saturday to leaven the whole lump. Will Ottawa try the same tactics when they meet Cornwall? I think not. They might get a dose of their own medicine.

* * *

The lacrosse season is practically over and but few outdoor sports are now left us. In fact the indoor birds are beginning to make their arrangements for the long winter nights. There is no pastime which has taken so firm a hold in so short a time as bowling, and last year, what with the monthly continuous competitions at the M.A.A.A. alleys and the league series between the Canadiens, the Victoria Rifles and the Montreal men, the time was pretty well occupied. The Vics seem to be the first to get into shape this year. The alleys have all been gone over, a new set of 9-inch balls has been added and the old ones turned over, so that when the regular season opens on the 1st of October, everything will be in ship shape for a good season. It will be remembered that when the bowling league scheme was first mooted, it was thought that there would be a team from the Metropolitan Club, but it did not materialize, and it is not likely that there will be any more than the original three clubs again this season. There has been some talk in bowling circles already about a change in the rules, which would permit any club to use the finger-hole balls on any alley; but it is not probable that it will be passed. It would be a direct benefit to the Canadiens club team, but not to the others. There is the only advantage of being more accurate, but there is by no means the same amount of exercise in the finger-hole method as there is in the flat-hand, and as it is exercise that most of the competitors go in for, it is not likely that anything will come of the proposed new departure.

The games of Saturday were but slimly attended, owing, no doubt, to the threatening state of the weather, and the number of competitors from outside clubs was particularly small. Toronto was especially noticeable by its absence, and it looks as if, outside of rowing and lacrosse, the Queen City was a long way behind in athletics. There was one very noticeable feature, and that was the improvement shown in style and the number of the younger men brought out since the M.A.A.A. has had a professional trainer. Stevenson seems to have been doing good work, and a great many who are made of the proper kind of stuff have been taking advantage of his services. The handicapping generally was fair, with the exception of the bicycle races, and then the scratch man had too much to carry. The championship games, which will be held to day (Saturday), have every prospect of being the finest ever witnessed in Canada. The entry list is the largest, and all the crack clubs are more than well represented. With anything like fine weather, there ought to be a lowering of some figures. Watch for the Montreal man in the quarter.

* * *

It is likely that during the coming winter there will be an innovation at the Montreal Gymnasium, which will go a long way towards keeping the boys in trim during the long months when outdoor athletics are an impossibility. A heavy sandbag will be made take the place of the 56 lb., and there will be no great jar on a thick matress. Then long and high jumping will be given some attention, and it looks altogether as if, when the time comes for the spring games, there ought to be considerable improvement, at least in the field events. One thing seems certain, and that is, that the athletic committee of the M.A.A.A. are leaving nothing undone to bring Montreal athletes up to the top of the heap.

* * *

Art sick of the city's rush and strife,
And the endless chase of a business life,
The crush and the roar of the busy street,
The jar of pavement, and stifling heat,
The endless toiling for dear-bought gain,
The wearying tension of nerve and brain?
Then cast all from you and hie away
For a glorious restful holiday.

The rod hangs long on the lonely wall,
The tackle is hid 'neath a dusty pall,
The reel has forgotten the song it sings,
The flies would fain stretch their deadly wings;
The basket can boast no tempting spread,
And the flask is cold and its spirit fled.
Man! is it right such things should be?
Why clank your chain when you might be free?

This is the way that "Nomad" sang of the delights of troutng, and the burden seems to have been taken up by the members of the Jacques Cartier Fish and Game Club, and there are no more ardent fishermen in the Ancient Capital than these gentlemen. And they have been fortunate, too, in their choice of a locality, which is literally teeming with game fish. The club's preserves comprise over seventy miles of stream on the Jacques Cartier River, not to speak of thirty odd tributaries from the lakes and rivers contiguous to the Jacques Cartier. This club's rendezvous is only about twenty-five miles from Quebec, and a pleasant drive of less than four hours finds you in the heart of the troutng country. This was the experience of a party consisting of Messrs. Joseph E. Vincent, George Colville, John Daley and Robert H. O'Regan, who pitched their tents at the Grand Portage, several miles above the club house. It might look like a fish story, but it is not, the fact remaining that in two days' fishing the abovenamed gentlemen landed over one hundred dozen of the speckled beauties, and many of them pulled down the beam at four pounds. The river is literally alive with them, in fact, there seems so many of them that there is not enough to feed them, and they rise to almost any kind of bait, and only want to be taken out. The photographs published in this number have been kindly furnished by Mr. Joseph E. Vincent, vice-president of the club.

* * *

This is just the ideal weather for the devotees of Rugby football, and it is about time that the Quebec ties were made arrangements for. The Montreal club have elected officers and been out for a little practice already, but nothing of any account is up on the boards yet. It would be a good idea if the powers that be in football would take time by the forelock this season and make some arrangement with Ottawa College. After the trouble last year with the Ontario Union there should be some way of coming to a satisfactory conclusion with the Eastern end of the string. The Collegians have been pretty nearly invincible, and when the Montrealers carried off the Quebec championship there was a good deal of anxiety to meet the Ottawa men, but dates clashed. If the matter is taken in hand in time this season, there is no reason why both sides should not be satisfied.

* * *

The Grand Trunk football team had a comparatively easy thing with the Ottawa association men on Saturday last, but a great deal cannot be said for the merits of the play, which to a large extent was loose and unscientific. The inability to dribble in anything like good form was particularly noticeable, but still there are a couple of men on both teams who might help to make up a passably fair international eleven. This international football scheme is gradually being worked into shape, and now as the Irish

football association has signified its intention of helping the matter out, there will be comparatively little in the way. But there will be an awful lot of local jealousy and heartburning when it comes to pick the team.

* * *

The Ontario Rugby Union have laid out their plans for the season, and the senior series will be played as follows: On or before October 11th, Toronto will meet Hamilton at Hamilton, while at Stratford the natives and Londoners will struggle. On or before Saturday, Oct. 18, Ottawa will meet Queen's University at Kingston. The second round will be winners of Toronto-Hamilton vs. winners of London-Stratford, and the final match will be played when and where the Rugby Union directs.

* * *

In the Eastern association the record now stands:—Grand Trunk, 7 points; Ottawa Ramblers, 4; Valleyfield, 4; Cornwall, 1. The Ramblers have three matches yet to play, Grand Trunk and Cornwall two each and Valleyfield one. It is expected that the finish will lie between Grand Trunk and the Ramblers, and that it will be very close.

* * *

It took nearly a week to decide the Argonaut Rowing Club's Fall races, but at last the final heat was reached on Tuesday, when the following crews were left in:

H. C. Jarvis, bow,	W. Henderson, bow,
J. D. Mackaye, No. 2,	B. Bristol, No. 2,
G. H. Muntz, No. 3,	W. R. Johnston, No. 3,
A. A. Barker, stroke.	A. J. Boyd, stroke.

It was a splendid race from start to finish, and was won by Barker's crew by scarcely a length.

* * *

The Fashion course at Blue Bonnets has had its initial races under the new management. The races were interesting enough, but notwithstanding that everything had been done for the convenience of the public, and that the C.P.R. ran special trains, the attendance was comparatively meagre. Trotting has had such a long spell of flagrantly crooked work in this city that it will take a long time of honest racing to restore the confidence so long abused. It is like the boy who cried wolf, and the only thing to be done is for owners and proprietors of tracks to recognize that they can stay away if they like. A good beginning has been made by several tracks, but the good work must be kept up, and after a while trotting may be restored to its old-time position and popularity.

* * *

The Victoria Club has already begun to prepare for the skating season and held its annual meeting on Wednesday last. The annual report and financial statement were most satisfactory. The newly elected board of directors consists of Messrs. E. S. Clouston, H. V. Meredith, W. H. C. Meredith, Fred. C. Henshaw, Angus W. Hooper, Alex Patterson and Chas. G. Hope. Lieut.-Col. Henshaw is president and Mr. E. S. Clouston vice-president. The directors say the coming season will be the most brilliant in the club's history.

* * *

I hear some thrilling accounts of the enormous number of black duck and woodcock that have been tumbled over by enthusiastic sportsmen, but I also notice that the faces of the narrators were gloomier than their asserted success seemed to call for, and the stories tasted like the duck-fishy. The new fish and game club, whose headquarters are about 10 miles below Sorel, have a splendid shooting ground there; but there are some complaints of the moonlight marauder, and waterfowl don't seem to be so plentiful in consequence.

* * *

I wrote some time ago of the comparatively little interest taken in dogs in this city, that is, general interest; but there are still a few left who are among the most successful exhibitors in the country. The Irish setter bitch Florrie, owned in Montreal, was particularly successful and so were her children. In black-and-tans and Yorkshires, Mr. Campbell, of Montreal, also, was credited with several firsts.

* * *

The McGill undergraduates lawn tennis tournament will begin on Monday and the entries close to-day (Saturday). The entries so far have been very numerous, and a most successful tournament is looked for. The winner of the university tennis championship will be presented with a handsome prize racquet, which has been generously donated by Mr. C. J. Fleet.

* * *

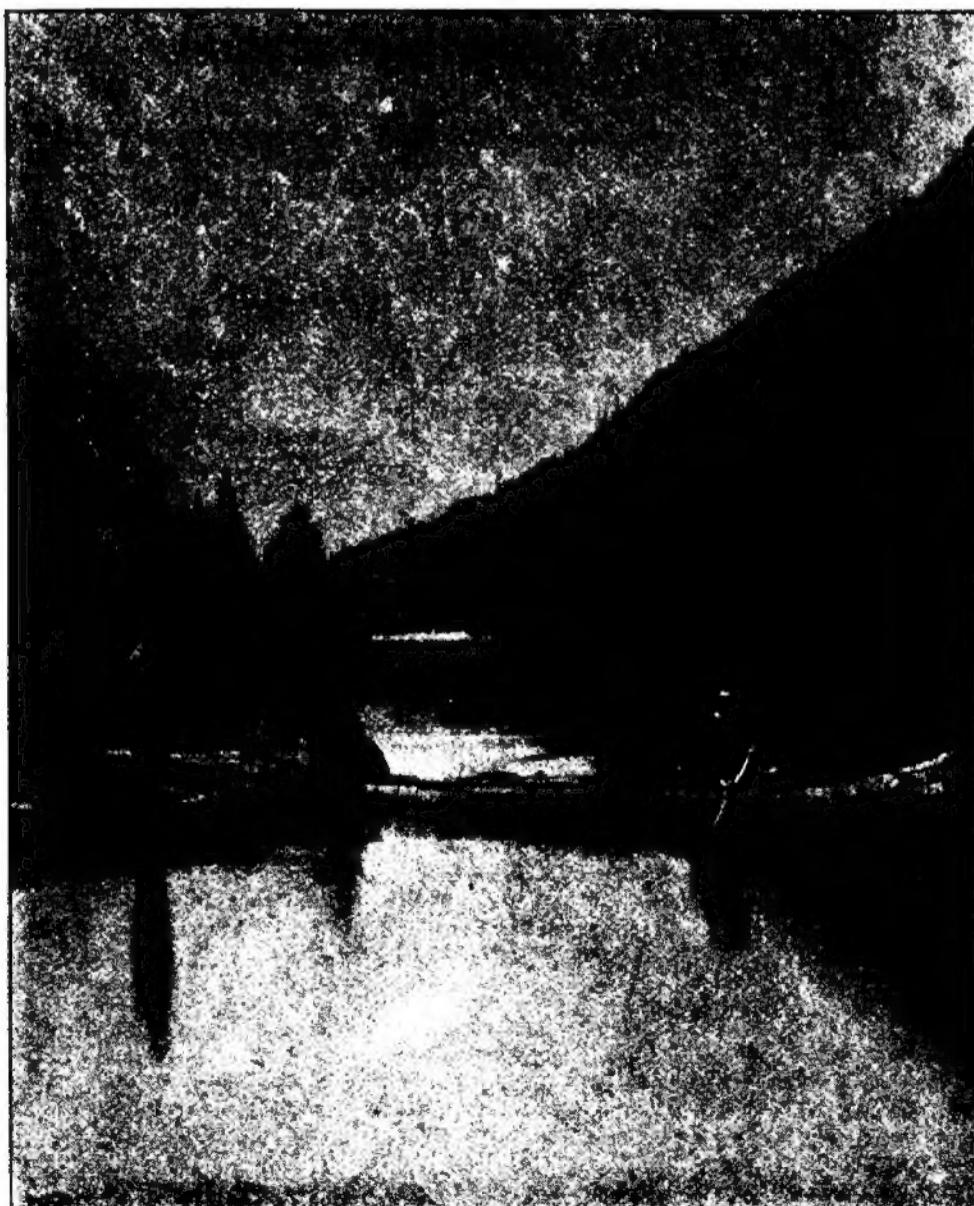
Every huntsman looks eagerly forward to the day when the meet is at Verdun and when the veteran old master, Squire Crawford, dispenses his hospitality, and so it was that on last Saturday one of the jolliest gatherings on record was at Verdun, and although Reynard saved his brush, the gentlemen had a hard run for all that.

* * *

The Hunt Club steeplechases on the 2nd and 4th promise to what they always have been—two days of good exciting sport. A new steeplechase course has been made at Blue Bonnets, and everything will be in good running order for the meeting.

R. O. X.

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SHOOTING AND FISHING SCENES ON THE JACQUES CARTIER.